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A RADICAL PROGRAMME.

PART I.

I HAVE been asked to state my opinion of the points most in the mind of the Liberal constituencies as gathered by me from meeting bodies so widely different in composition as the Council of the Central Liberal Association of Glasgow and the Liberal Four Hundred of the Forest of Dean, in the West of England. Both the Scotch and the Gloucestershire meetings were friendly to Home Rule and opposed to all land purchase schemes, but both seemed willing and even anxious to hear something of matters lying off the well-trodden ground of the Irish question. There seemed much speculation rife among the electors as to the distant future, and it was limited only by the fear that Liberals might be led to fight among themselves over speculative questions, a fear which gave rise to some anxiety lest our leaders should do anything to intensify the differences which might exist.

We touch here upon a matter of some gravity. Many are inclined to think that the democratic constituencies need strong language, and will refuse to listen to argument not couched in the tongue of the racecourse or of the prize-ring. There is, however, ground for thinking on the contrary that there never was a time in which the electorate was in reality more inclined towards "sweet reasonableness," and the constituencies are certainly anxious to listen to those who have anything to say that lies away from the ordinary track of party speeches and bears upon the condition of

the people. A great foreign writer has lately made two of the characters in one of his books carry on a dialogue in which the lady says to her husband, of a speech which he had written for her perusal, "But it is full of exaggeration!" "Exaggeration, madam," the husband replies, "is the basis of politics. If you have to go in for them you must look upon your opponents as fools or knaves. One does not think it, but one says it." "Would it not be best to say only what you think?" "In that case one would be reasonable, and reason is the opposite of politics." The French writer and the gentleman in his story are not the only literary personages who have thought that exaggeration is a necessary part of public utterance. Those who hold that view have a saint, and a great saint, upon their side. "Wherein," said St. Augustine of his panegyric on the Roman Emperor, "Wherein I was to utter many a lie, and lying was to be applauded by those who knew I lied." The constituencies appear to feel that there are, perhaps, too many who are chiefly concerned to please their audiences by wild party speeches. At the same time, it is not the business of those who are engaged in the daily struggle within the walls of Parliament to indulge in dreams, and statesmen naturally, and even necessarily, deal with matters that lie ready to their hand.

As for Irish land Bills, the popular view in Great Britain is undoubtedly one which does not need to be expressed at length. It may be summed up in the words of a memorable speech by that most sensible and most humorous of Tories, Mr. Henley, in which he said that all that was necessary by way of argument upon a particular measure was "to sit on a gate and cry 'Fudge.'" This Saxon sentence accurately expresses the attitude of the Liberal electorate with regard to all proposals for Irish land purchase made to the British Parliament. Being favourable to some measure of Home Rule, they hold that such proposals should be made, if at all, to the representatives of Ireland in Ireland, and they deeply regret the supposed necessity to set aside a Free Schools (England) Bill in order to, as they think, waste their time upon "another Irish Session." The Condition of the People is the general description of the topics to which the electorate seem inclined to turn with some impatience. This may be looked upon as a general name for the

questions which directly interest the great majority of the community, who are wage-earners without a large margin of income over expenditure, or who depend upon such wage-earners. This majority undoubtedly believe that such questions will, as time goes by, come to concern the entire people. The rich, they think, must, in the future, more and more expect to see their children have to work ; but, on the other hand, the working classes, as the generations pass, may in their lives be made more happy, and in their circumstances more prosperous, than even the wealthy classes of time past. The first inclination of the mind which is brought to bear upon such matters is to agree that it is the duty of the community, as a whole, to try to give a fair chance to every man, and to sweep away obstacles to the free course of nature where that course seems beneficial to the individual. Thus men are led to wish to give the free vote to all, as well as the fullest gratuitous education possible to all, and to desire to extend the workers' leisure. On the other hand, such laws or customs as those of primogeniture, which tend towards the accumulation of wealth in single hands, must, in their belief, be swept away. While there seems room for the widest divergence of opinion as to what will be the ultimate form of society in the United Kingdom, they think they cannot go far wrong in attempting to improve the condition of the poor and the afflicted, a duty which religious feeling and the dictates of political expediency alike enjoin on every citizen.

Not only should we aim at making education free in the United Kingdom—as it is free in the British Colonies of Queensland, Victoria, and New Zealand, and the Canadian Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and the North-West Provinces (now about to receive the name of the Western Provinces)—but free for long years. Long years of free schooling have not as yet been proposed in the United Kingdom, but it is necessary that the freedom of the schools should be prolonged in order to encourage the keeping of backward children at school for a period sufficient to put them as nearly as possible on an educational equality with those who go out earlier into life, and also to enable the picked children to receive higher training. In Ontario, education is free between the

ages of five and twenty-one; in New Brunswick it is free between the ages of five and twenty; and in the greater part of Switzerland it is free up to the age of sixteen. The people of England, in their various localities, are consulted as to education by being called upon to elect School Boards, but they are not allowed at present to establish such free schools, even if it is the unanimous desire of a district to tax itself for that purpose. The freedom of the schools during long years of possible education should be combined with the system of free secondary and free university education on the scholarship plan.

Another matter in which public opinion goes in the same direction, and for similar reasons, is that of the administration of justice. It is found costly and dilatory at present, and it is not unlikely that, concurrently with pressure for free education on behalf of the young, the demand may be put forward on behalf of grown-up people for free law; free law so far as is consistent with not encouraging idle litigation; free law, like free education, in the sense of law to be paid for from taxes rather than by the individual.

The main necessary, however, for grown men is seen to be leisure for rest, recreation, and improvement. There arises at once the question whether it should be left to be obtained by the ordinary means to which is committed the decision as to the rate of wages, or whether the power of the community as a whole should be put in force to obtain it by legislation. Let us set aside all idea of present resort to general legislation upon the subject. Such legislation has too little chance of receiving, as yet, wide support to make it worth considering, when we have before us practical proposals as to the experimental trial of the legislative eight hours day. There can be no doubt that the feeling in favour of legislation on the subject, that is partial legislation, is a growing one, and has made much way among the miners, and indeed among all classes of the community so far as the case of the miners is concerned. Each day a greater portion of the constituencies show that they are prepared to see the State interfere in that degree in which they think it has been established that the State might wisely interfere, namely, as regards certain trades and certain classes of work. The mere fact that the State has not hitherto directly interfered in the regulation

of the hours of male adult labour possesses more importance for writers than for the electorate. The State has practically interfered already by shortening the hours of women's labour and of child labour, upon which in many industries the hours of male labour depend. The passing of the Factory Acts is known to have been opposed by many Liberals as respected in their day as are those Liberal leaders who now oppose legislation. Those laws were opposed at the time on the ground that the State was only nominally, and not really, confining its action to women and children. It was pointed out in Parliament, and with truth, that factories of many kinds would have to work short hours—short hours for men as well as for women and children—if the laws were passed; but there was added to this statement the prophecy that trade would in consequence leave Great Britain and go elsewhere. In spite of those objections the Bills were passed by Parliament and came into force and the statements of their opponents proved true, so far as the shortening of the hours of men's labour went. Nevertheless, trade did not leave us, and, on the contrary, British trade and manufactures never so triumphantly showed their superiority over the trade and manufactures of the Continent as during the years which followed the passing of the Factory Acts. Mr. Bradlaugh, who is opposed to legislative interference, is as hostile to it in the case of women as in the case of men. When extensions of the Factory Acts as regarded women were proposed, Mr. Fawcett opposed them on the ground that there was no real distinction to be drawn between women's labour and men's labour. He was right. It is true that children can be made to labour, but it is not true, as a general rule, that women are compelled to labour in Great Britain. As regards the majority of women workers the only compulsion is want of food, or the desire to obtain wages in order to spend them upon their families, a kind of compulsion which has its action also upon men. There is no sufficient distinction to be drawn between the cases of men and women; but that argument, used without avail to prevent the extension of the provisions of the Factory Acts concerning women's labour, is now made use of in the contrary sense to justify the extension of the Acts to men's labour too.

No one seems to think that there is much chance of Parliament

suddenly enacting an eight hours law. The practical question that is before the constituencies is whether it is desirable to make trial experimentally of the principle as regards the mining industry, and as regards State or municipal employment. Over a great portion of the United Kingdom short hours are already in vogue for coal-hewers. The eight hours system is widespread among them, and there are places where only seven hours, and even six and a-half hours, of actual toil are called for from the men, although in some of these cases, unfortunately, longer hours are demanded of the boys. On the other hand, there are still larger parts of Great Britain in which nine hours, and even more, constitute the miner's day. The miners are well organised in trade unions, but Trade Unionism, notwithstanding its great power over the labour of the highly skilled, has failed to bring about the universal eight-hours day for miners. In these facts is found a fair case for trial of legislative action.

There are some who desire also legislative interference, although not as a rule for the eight hours, with regard to railway servants. It would doubtless be impossible, without a revolution in the railway system of the United Kingdom, to suddenly introduce an eight hours day for all railway servants. Many of them have not what can be called constant work during the nominal hours of their employment, as, for example, porters at small stations at which but few trains call. On the other hand, all men admit that the hours worked by railway servants are at present in many cases too long, not only for the mental improvement of the men, but even for public safety. Should legislative interference as regards railway servants be gradually introduced, those of us who have money lent to railway companies may perhaps have in consequence to submit to some loss of interest or to some temporary depreciation in the value of securities; but it is a question whether this reduction or loss, if any, is not such as we should cheerfully afford. The principle should be laid down that no man ought to expect to be guarded by the State in the full possession of rights of property which go beyond what would be his own practice, if a good man, as an individual capitalist carrying on an enterprise by himself.

Many who are not content to leave the shortening of hours entirely to the action of the unions hold that local authorities (in-

cluding municipalities, London Vestries, and Boards of Guardians), and also the State itself, should set a good example as regards the length of working hours; whereas notoriously the State does not set a good example now. There have been exposed within the last twelve months cases of horrible sweating in connection with State contracts. A Yorkshire firm supplying the navy and the Metropolitan police on Government contracts has, for example, been shown to pay wages greatly below those on which life can be properly sustained, and wages lower than the ordinary rate obtaining in the same trade in the district. The facts have never been denied, although they have been stated with full particulars of time and place and name. There is undoubtedly some ground for bringing Parliamentary pressure to bear upon the State to set a good example in its dealings with its own servants and with the workmen of its contractors, as well as by leading on municipalities in the same path. Some would go further still. Just as we have imposed special provisions in the matter of the housing of the working classes upon all companies and persons coming for Parliamentary aid by private Bill, so there might be justified the insertion in private Bills of stipulations with regard to hours of work. Many of the States of the American Commonwealth have adopted this principle, but it is not enforced in practice, and Englishmen, as a rule, would sooner that we should stop for the present as we are than that such laws should be placed upon the Statute-book if it is not intended to enforce them. In Australia there has been legislation against sweating; but, as regards hours, the universal eight hours day has been secured in the southern continent without legislation, although in some Colonies it has received a subsequent partial legislative sanction. Britain, however, is not the United States, and it is not Australia. We have failed in the mother country to secure the eight hours day through Trade Unionism as it was secured in the Australian Colonies; and should we call in legislation to our aid, as it has been called in in the United States, we should insist on the enforcement of the law. America has tried the experiment of placing the eight hours system in municipal contracts. Chicago, for example, is a city which not long ago repressed anarchic Socialism with a high hand. But Chicago itself has the eight hours system in its public

contracts. The whole question has been recently investigated in Canada by a Commission, and that Commission reported with virtual unanimity in favour of Government contracts being drawn to contain an hours' clause applicable even to male adult labour. The principle laid down by the whole Commission was, that in order to increase the value of the citizen to the State it is necessary to educate him, and that education in the highest sense can only be obtained where the worker has time at his disposal for the acquirement of real knowledge. The Commission desired that the Dominion Government should set a good example in this matter, and thought that municipal bodies would follow suit. The evidence obtained by the Canadian Commission is similar to the experience of Australia as regards the prevalence of the opinion that in many trades short hours do not imply reduced production.

The Liberal constituencies seem somewhat impatient of the view which is opposed to interference with adult male labour upon principle. However strong may be the arguments now put forward with great ability by Mr. Bradlaugh, as they were formerly pressed upon Parliament by Mr. Fawcett, who possessed much influence, and a power of speech hardly inferior to that even of Mr. Bradlaugh, Parliament has given the go-by to such views, and has enacted in the case of women the limitation to which objection has been raised. Mr. Bradlaugh opposes the now suggested further change on the ground that it is not the business or duty of Parliament to fix the hours of adult labour, and he states that there is a tendency of a dangerous kind to look to the Legislature to supply immediate remedies for all evils arising out of the struggle for existence. The first portion of the argument is a begging of the question. To say that it is not the business of Parliament to fix hours is a mere statement unsupported by reasoning. This is the very question that is under consideration. As to the danger of looking to the Legislature to remedy evils arising in the struggle for existence, it certainly seems no unnatural thing that we should do so, and many would think that the Legislature exists mainly for this very purpose. Mr. Bradlaugh is of opinion that shorter hours of labour should be sought for, but only by arrangement between employer and employed. He is confronted by the fact that

arrangement as regards the United Kingdom appears to have exhausted its strength. When, however, Mr. Bradlaugh argues against the applicability to many trades of an eight hours system he is upon safe ground. It must be conceded that the eight hours system is not applicable to all trades, and that even in Australia itself this has been found to be the case with some employments, such as certain branches of agriculture and such as the seaman's life. Even the Eight Hours Bill of the moderate London Fabian Socialists does not propose a universal eight hours system. It only suggests a limitation of hours in employments already regulated by the State, enables such a limitation to be imposed on privileged undertakings and monopolies, and as regards other employments gives the workers power to enforce similar restrictions at their own wish. It is, however, invariably unwise to pay too much attention to the details of Bills which are not drawn to pass, and which are in fact intended only to show the possibility of doing something in the direction advocated. Given the general admission that the eight hours system is not of universal applicability, given the prevalence of sympathy with the miners in their growing desire for legislation, we have a case for special experimental dealing with one business, coupled with the attempt to impose the compulsory short day as a general principle as regards the State and municipalities and other local authorities, and possibly in the case of monopolies and other undertakings asking for Parliamentary privilege.

Mr. Bradlaugh, in his powerful articles, has made a point of the Northumberland and Durham coal-hewers having reduced the hours of men's labour underground to less than the eight hours limit. They have failed to reduce the hours of the boys; but even as regards men, as that reduction of hours has not spread through the country, there is ground for the view that the facts tell rather in favour of an eight hours law than against it. Mr. Bradlaugh asks whether the men who have won short hours for themselves would consent to have their day's labour lengthened by Parliament; but it is difficult to see that if the difference which now exists between Northumberland and the rest of the country were to be lessened by Parliamentary action that action would form a reason for Northumberland lengthening its present day. Mr. Bradlaugh has

alluded to the proceedings of the Industrial Remuneration Conference held at Princes' Hall in 1885; but the impression left on the mind of the President of that Conference, after listening to the whole of the three days' debate, was such as to convert him from a position of absolute impartiality to one favourable to legislative limitation of hours. Mr. Bradlaugh writes as though we have had in England no experience of legal restriction of hours. We possess, however, in the United Kingdom a legal regulation of the hours of adult labour—virtually of labour both male and female—as regards many trades, unaccompanied by similar regulation as regards others. In the textile factories, which yield to the north of Ireland, the south of Scotland, and the north of England their most important foreign commerce, and the commerce in which they compete most favourably with the nations of the Continent, the hours of labour are directly affected by those allowed by law for women's labour. The opponents of eight hours legislation are, some of them, like Mr. Bradlaugh, real friends of Unionism, while others are among the fiercest enemies that Unionism possesses. All of them are driven to fight behind the old trade union flag, and to proclaim the advisability of obtaining short hours for men, but the necessity of securing them through the action of the unions. It must, however, be remembered how small a proportion of the workers of the United Kingdom belong to trade unions, and also that trade unions can only obtain short hours by strikes or menace of strikes. There is much danger that should we refuse to make experimental trial of the legislative system we shall set on foot an industrial war, demoralising the commerce of the country and doing far more to aid in the success of foreign competition than would be done by legislation. A trade union struggling for shorter hours means a minority trying to force a demand upon the nation, whereas legislation means a majority of the nation accepting a national demand. In addition to the experimental trial of the eight hours system, there is ground for the advocacy of the imposition in State and municipal contracts of sweating clauses, or provisions against sub-contracting, and many desire the insertion of what is known as a minimum-wage clause, restricting contracts to

such firms as pay the ordinary wage of the trade and place ; or, in other words, the wage held by the trade to be just. The time has also come for the further extension of the Factory Acts to classes of employment not already included under them, and for provision of increased inspection by workmen and workwomen inspectors.

Along with this improvement in the condition of the workers should go such an extension of the Post Office Savings Bank system as would make it a reality, and would imitate in this country that legislation which has been so singular a success in the British Colony of New Zealand.

The condition of the workers' homes is a matter which leads us to a consideration of the whole field of municipal and parochial improvement in the conditions of domestic life. The first remedy that should be tried in connection with the housing problem is to enable, by all means in our power, towns and districts, and even parishes, to solve the question for themselves. The theory of the law already enables towns and villages to house the working people, and it is difficult to see why we should not encourage them to do so if they please, as, for example, in those cases where the payment of heavy compensation now operates as a discouragement. The people of Great Britain, through their local governing bodies, have generally displayed wisdom in the conduct of their own affairs, and might without danger be widely trusted. They would make no bad use of the power to take land and houses for all public purposes at a fair, instead of, as now, at an exorbitant, price. There is, unfortunately, much exaggeration prevalent as to what has been already done towards the rehousing of the working classes. Even under the improved laws and Parliamentary regulations of 1884-5 only a trifling part of those of the working classes who are displaced by building operations in towns are rehoused by schemes devised for their protection. There have lately been in London evictions which have driven out from large areas (sold over the heads of the inhabitants) great numbers of persons who had lived in the same houses for more than twenty years. The local authorities are often blamed, but under the present law can hardly be said to be in fault. There are no means of preventing such evictions, but those evictions explain and justify the strong feeling upon the land question

which exists in cities, and is very similar to the feeling on the land question which exists throughout the country districts. One of the remedies that would meet some of the difficulties of both kinds would be security of tenure at fair rents to be fixed by judicial courts—a security absolute against the ordinary landlord, but not against the municipality.

If there be, as probably there is not, any danger in trusting county, city, town, future district, and reformed parish—all representative bodies—with large powers, not only in reference to the housing of the working classes, but in almost all matters of local concern, that danger may be avoided by the check of reference of these matters, after the opinion of the local authority has been taken, to a local poll. The principle of the local poll already exists in England as regards the adoption of the Library Acts, the change from annual to triennial election of Guardians, and the confirmation of certain proceedings of local Boards. It exists to some small degree in Canada and Australia in connection with railway and with liquor legislation. Those who are not frightened at democracy would lay down the principle that local bodies should be allowed to do anything they please, subject to full publicity, to the right of all to a voice, and, if possible, an equal voice, to the safeguarding against injury of the interests of neighbouring districts, and to the due bearing of burdens by the present ratepayers instead of throwing them on the future by means of loans extending over periods unfairly long. But the security of the local poll may be offered to those who distrust local bodies. The teetotallers as a rule distrust them; and for them there is the local poll.

One of the questions that divide advanced reformers (questions of the class which arise in the answers given to the demand "How far would you go?") at once appears when what is styled municipal Socialism is considered. Should we allow the supercession of private industrial ventures through the action of corporations? It is most unlikely that corporations would be inclined to go beyond public feeling. It is difficult to see why we should refuse to allow corporations to try such experiments when the time comes, as it will come, when they and their constituents deliberately desire to make trial of these principles. As regards

administrative matters of a semi-public nature, such as gas and water undertakings, we have already begun to encourage corporate action. As regards tramway enterprise we seem to be prepared for it, and while some of our Colonies, as for example Victoria, have municipal tramways, though in New South Wales the tramways are in the hands of the State, one or two towns in England have already taken tramway enterprise into their own hands. There is, however, on this municipal question a real difference in our ranks. Not only are some afraid of local bodies, but others are frightened of local majorities of any kind, though the example of the Colonies and of Switzerland shows that local majorities are respectful of the rights of property and inclined rather to be too conservative than too rash.

There has been a great movement in these matters in our day. The opinions even of advanced Radicals of twenty years ago in matters affecting property have, by the change of the times and the march of thought, come to be very much those now held by Lord Bramwell's League for the Defence, as Lord Bramwell says, of Liberty and Property, and as others think, of Property alone. Those who have stood still appear to have grown Conservative; and it is far better to frankly admit this than to call them names. Mr. Bradlaugh, for example, has lately been styled a traitor to his principles, only because he has remained firm to the principles in which he started, while others have moved along. Some of those whose opinions have progressed, and who are accustomed to the use of big words, either describe themselves as Socialists or adopt various other terms, the exact history of which they have not perhaps in all cases followed. Others have said, in the words of the magistrate who tried Proudhon, in June, 1848: "We are all Socialists" in these days; and there is no doubt floating in the air a great deal of that kind of Socialism which Prince Bismarck has excellently defined as "practical Christianity." Sham business carried on by those who live by a mere pretence of buying and selling the work of others creates much impatience, which finds expression in the bitter Socialist reply to the question, "On what do all these city people live?" "They swindle each other and call it business." It was inevitable that some such movement in men's

minds should spread with the development of a Bible education throughout the whole community, and the more rapidly as in the modern schools the New Testament gains ground upon the Old. There is nothing more curious than to see how bitterly many Socialists attack religion, ignoring the fact that it is from the New Testament that has sprung the whole of the movement in the present century for the improvement in the condition of the people. Everything, as M. de Laveleye has well shown, that has been really done of late to exalt the humble and the meek, to shelter the weak against violence, to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, to lighten the burden of the weary, has been done directly or indirectly under the influence of Christian teaching. Modern Socialism itself, using though it does too often the language of angry discontent, has been born in and inspired by Christianity. Although the Bishop of Peterborough has told the English people that the doctrines of the Sermon on the Mount are inapplicable to nations, and although many would perhaps like to improve upon that teaching, and to declare that they are inapplicable even to individuals, it is a little difficult for those who have been brought up as Christians to get over such plain directions as that contained in the words, "Give to him that asketh thee"; and we know how these words were interpreted by the early Christian community, as is shown in the Acts of the Apostles. In a small society like that of the early Christians, closed against the world by the constantly exercised power of expulsion, equal distribution of property or distribution by need alone might lead to less imposture and less waste, and less evil of every kind, than would a general application of the principle among ourselves in the present day. The principle, however, is there as a counsel of perfection, and the New Testament is perhaps a safer guide than the sermons of Bishops. It should at least lead those who have a large share of riches to cheerfully give up a substantial proportion of them to the needs of the community as a whole, instead of grudging as they do perhaps a seventh or an eighth.

CHARLES W. DILKE.

(To be continued.)

THINKING FOR OURSELVES.*

I WILL not take up any time by attempting to disclaim, though I might disclaim with entire sincerity, any desire to address this great meeting, or power to address it with profit or effect. Those who manage this Institution know very well that I have been neither ready nor willing to come here. I refused, till refusal might seem to be churlish discourtesy; and, as they have brought me here, if half an hour hence you find out that you had better have stayed away, it is their fault, remember, not mine.

Let this suffice: and now let me deliver that address which it is the duty of him whom you have chosen for your President for the year to deliver on this occasion. And I must begin, I am afraid you will think somewhat ungraciously, by deprecating the custom, and depreciating the use and value of these addresses altogether. In one of those brilliant papers written by Mr. Disraeli in his youth, papers brimful of wit, of humour, of satire, of shrewd caustic wisdom, papers which the blaze of his political success has caused to be quite unreasonably, but comparatively forgotten, papers which, if you do not already know, I, his strong political opponent, most earnestly recommend to you;—in one of these papers, entitled *Popanilla*, Mr. Disraeli thus writes: "Skindeep regretted that he could not accompany him, but he was engaged to a lecture on shoemaking; and a lecture was a thing which he made it a point never to miss; because, as he very properly observed, 'By lectures you may become extremely well informed without any of the inconveniences of study. No fixity of attention, no continuity of meditation, no habits of reflection, no aptitude of combination are the least

* An Address delivered to the Institutes Union of Birmingham on April 25th, 1890.

requisite; all which things only give you a nervous headache; and yet you gain all the results of all these processes. True it is that that which is so easily acquired is not always so easily remembered; but what of that? Suppose you forget any subject, why then you go to another lecture.' 'Very true,' said Popanilla."

Such being the views of this extraordinary man on the subject of such a meeting as we are now holding, it would seem to follow, if there is any truth in them, that it matters but little what we talk about together. Perhaps sometimes it is as well that what is so easily received is *not* indelibly retained; and that what is hardly worth impressing on the light sands of memory is sure to be speedily effaced by the advancing tide of time.

Amongst the addresses of my predecessors in this place there are certainly to be found papers eloquent, poetical, suggestive, graceful, which must have cost their distinguished authors some labour to produce, and which must have been delightful to listen to. Selection is invidious where so much is good, but the description of a night on a Nova Scotian lake, in the address by Lord Dunraven, is a piece of writing which I shall never forget. I am fresh from the perusal of these addresses; which, though it has filled me with envy and despair, has interested me profoundly too. Yet, though I live fairly in the world, and have an average acquaintance with contemporary literature, I must confess that I never came across any one of them till, by the cruel irony of fate, they were sent to me as examples of what you have been taught to expect in the way of an address from your President. I cannot imitate or rival them, yet, though it will be, I know, of little avail, something I must try to do, and whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing as well as a man can do it.

What then shall we talk about? You cannot imagine how difficult it is for an old lawyer with faculties made languid by age, with little time to read and none to think, to choose a subject on which he can say anything of the smallest interest to anyone else. But in reading Sir Stafford Northcote's address I came upon this pregnant sentence: "Nothing is of more importance than that we should learn to exercise independent judgment, should learn to think for ourselves." When I read this I thought I might take it

for my text, and for a few minutes perhaps usefully enlarge upon it.

I suppose that in terms no one would deny the truth of Sir Stafford Northcote's proposition; and if the practical importance of the truth which it conveys could ever be questioned, it certainly cannot be at this time and in this country. If I could fully convey to a dozen persons in this large hall my own sense of its supreme value; and if I could make my own moral and intellectual conviction of its truth a source of practical action in but half that number, I should feel that any little trouble I may have taken was amply repaid, and that indeed I had not come hither in vain. Doubtless in all ages and in all countries it is manifest that the thinkers and teachers will be few, and that the followers and disciples will be the vast majority of the people. All thinking is laborious; and by thinking I do not mean letting things pass through your mind with as little effort and as little result as the images seen through the windows of a railway carriage pass across your eyes. That is mere indolent acquiescence in automatic brain-mechanism. But I mean by thinking something worthy of the name; sustained, connected, sequent thought; this is a labour difficult to the greatest of us, so difficult as to be practically insupportable by the great mass of mankind; unless haply in far distant ages the dreams of philosophic enthusiasts become realities, we arrive at Utopia, or Oceana, or the Millennium, and Heaven begins before earth ends. And yet judgment or opinion is worthless except as the result of real thought in intellectual matters, or of experience in the affairs of life; thought and experience, the only sound foundations of judgment and opinion, being the two things which are most conspicuously absent from the judgments which most men form on most of the subjects on which they both form and express them. As the sages of Laputa kept men to remember for them what they were themselves too sublimely occupied to recollect, so our great nation is content to keep and pay men to do its thinking and concluding for it, and to adopt the thoughts of others for its own. No one, I suppose, can seriously doubt that it is one great and crying evil of our day, which, to quote a famous formula, has increased, is increasing, and, if possible, ought to be diminished.

It may be said that this has always been the case, that from the very earliest times, of which we have literary records, the disdain of all great writers and thinkers for the opinions and judgments of the people has been the same, and has been supreme. The Bible is full of it, from Moses and Solomon and Jonah down to the change recorded in the Evangelists in a space of time almost too short for belief, from "Hosanna to the Son of David" to "Crucify Him, crucify Him." The quiet aversion of Socrates, of Plato, of Phocion, the savage abuse of Aristophanes, the playful contempt of Horace, the stern scorn of Juvenal and Tacitus, these things every schoolboy knows, or used to know, and the mere allusion to them is enough. Our own great writers are full to overflowing with passages to which "the blatant Beast," of Spenser, "the fat judgment of the multitude," of Ben Jonson, the "common cry of curs," of Shakspere, have set the key-note. What is the use, it may be said, of adding another to these rhetorical, exaggerated, and, in truth, but half-sincere assaults upon that public opinion (for that is what you really mean), which is the very life of our public life, the air we breathe, the stream on whose current we are borne this way or that, however we may strive, and whatever we may protest; universal, irresistible, present everywhere, yet having its origin nowhere, felt in the works of peace, felt even in the storms of war, sapping aristocracies, paralysing churches, mitigating despotisms, and, if I may borrow what I am audacious enough to call a brilliant piece of episcopal balderdash, "attesting the ubiquity of its presence by the universality of its reception"? The statement is fair enough, and the question demands an answer.

I will assume, but I assume only for the moment, that the public opinion of any existing civilised country, or of these islands in particular, is at this time much the same in its character, and is the result of much the same influences, as the public opinion of Athens, or of Rome, or of Florence, or of England under, say, Queen Elizabeth, or the Stuarts, or the earlier princes of the Parliamentary Dynasty the head of which now fills the throne by virtue of the Succession Act. Still I say that the duty of forming independent judgment in matters of conduct, or of opinion, which influences conduct is, as it was then, a personal and individual matter, a matter for which we are

responsible to conscience and to God; and that unjust judgment, harsh censure, uncharitable conduct, as they are certainly blameworthy, so certainly the blame of them cannot be shifted from ourselves to that mixed multitude whose views are to be collected from periodicals, whether daily, weekly, or monthly, a multitude of which we are each of us no more than a single and insignificant unit. Those who caused or acquiesced in the death of Socrates, the proscription of Cicero, or the banishment of Dante, were no better, but were no worse, than those who now cause or acquiesce in like judgments in like matters, though followed, happily, in these days by consequences very different from those which followed in the classical and mediæval ages. The duty remains the same; and there is this reason of good sense why, apart altogether from conscience and religion, we should try to fulfil it. A wise man will always in moderation distrust the bias of popular opinion, which is apt to be extreme, and even when it is right and true, to overpass the bounds of right reason. Of course if he desires, as he should, himself to give example of right principles and right judgment, and so in his degree, be it small or great, to influence for good those with whom he is brought in contact, he will be careful to stop short of becoming impracticable and eccentric. It is said that the younger Cato, one of the purest and noblest of the Romans, lost at last all practical influence with his countrymen, because he would take no count at all of the temper of the time. But the temper of the time is strong enough without our studiously increasing its strength. It can take very good care of itself, and cannot be contradicted, but may to some extent be modified or directed by individual effort.

To take examples from other matters; property has a great tendency to accumulate into large masses in few hands; do not arrest this tendency by legislation, do not try to prevent it absolutely, for you will certainly fail, but quietly impede it by favouring division and diffusion. Athletics are fast becoming one of the chief pursuits in places devoted professedly to intellectual cultivation; they are so pleasant in themselves, excellence in them is so short and so certain a road to shortlived fame, that you will never put them down, if it were wise (as it is not) to try. But as I said of the temper of the time, athletics can take ex-

ceeding good care of themselves, and instead of urging young men on to them, making athletics, as I have heard it suggested, actually compulsory (just think of *compelling* Erasmus, or Scaliger, or Descartes, or Gray to kick about a football after the Rugby or the Eton manner), surely the wisdom is to lean against them, to leave them to contend with the studies which schools and colleges were founded to promote and which have a hard enough task to hold their own against athletics, even where the latter are not fostered by direct, systematic, official encouragement. One more example, and it shall be the last. Of all forms of human worship the worship of money, and of men who have made it, is the basest and most degrading; even the worship of rank and of fashion are in a degree less contemptible. No sensible man indeed will despise money, for there are few things in the world of more importance, and the right use of it is a great knowledge; no fair man will dislike or shun another simply because he has been successful in the pursuit of it. But when one sees the baseness to which men will descend who worship it, how it corrupts their work and independence, what they will submit to and of what they will be guilty in its worship, it is surely in this country and in this state of society wise to lean against its worship, and stand upright in its presence; which may be done without cynical and affected contempt of it, and without offence or rudeness to those who are fortunate enough to possess it. The famous reproof of Plato to Diogenes may teach us the right mean in this matter.

I have said this, as I stated, on the assumption that there is nothing substantially different in the circumstances of this time to distinguish the relations of individual men to public opinion from those relations as they existed at other times. I do not think, however, that the assumption is correct. The state of man never continueth in one stay, and therefore in strictness each generation (I mean by generation thirty years) has, if we had the time and means of close and accurate investigation, something characteristic by which it is marked off from the generation which precedes and that which follows it. But change, though always going on, is not always going on at the same rate; there are periods of stagnation and periods of swift alteration; and I should say that the changes

of the last fifty years in matters social, political, intellectual, religious have been abnormally great and rapid. On such an occasion as this, even if I had the knowledge and the ability for minute and detailed comparison, it would be altogether out of place; as it is you must understand me to speak broadly and in the general. So speaking, I should say that in former times ignorance was more general and more complete, but that where knowledge existed it was wider, deeper, more exact and perfect, and was imparted with far more weight and power than at the present day. Those who influenced those ages were men of great gifts and vast knowledge, and their influence was exercised by great books, not always great in bulk but great in power, precious life-bloods of master-spirits, as one of the greatest of them has said, treasured up unto a life beyond this life. What Milton's estimate of learning was he has himself told us, for when he left his retirement in the country for public life and to come, as we should have thought, into the company of some of the choice and master spirits of the age, he laments having "to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes, put from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings." Of periodical literature, and of the writers of it he does not speak. Almost literally there were none to speak of. In his time (I omit the great poets, for obvious reasons) the great writers who shed a glory over the country, while they educated and instructed their countrymen, were men such as himself, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, Hooker in a particular department, and Donne in his noble essays. A little later came Sydney, Harrington, Hobbes, and Locke; and then, later again, Defoe (perhaps the earliest regular newspaper writer), Pope and Swift, and Steele and Addison, and the first, and perhaps the greatest, of pamphleteers, Lord Bolingbroke. The catalogue is not complete, but it is sufficient to show on what food, in the absence of newspapers and similar productions, the minds of that minority who could and did read at all were fed, and by what men they were influenced. Of most of these men Milton, if he had known them, would probably have spoken with respect. I doubt if our present

instructors would have fared much better at his hands than did Salmasius or King Charles I.

For, in contrast to those days, what do we see in these? No doubt there is an enormous increase in the number of those who can and do read. There is far more general sharpness of apprehension, far greater general interest in public affairs. This on the side of the disciples; but what on the side of the teachers? I put aside, of course, such papers as any great statesman or public man may think fit to send to periodicals with his own signature appended to them. I put aside also such papers as, though unsigned, may yet, by an initial, or by a well-recognised pseudonym, or by circumstances of publication, or by style, be as certainly ascribed to an individual as if they bore his signature. In such papers well-known men speak to their fellow citizens with such weight as may be due to their characters, and with such power as they may chance to possess. But what do we know as to the mass of newspaper writing and as to a great portion of what appears in magazines and reviews; who they are who lay down the law for us day by day on all things human and divine; who reflect rather than create public opinion, and give currency to thoughts generally speaking not their own; where they come from, what they know, what are their characters, what powers they have beyond that of smart writing? Of all these things, things surely desirable to know as to the men we allow to do our thinking for us, we know absolutely nothing. Sometimes by chance we do know an editor or a writer who is only an editor or a writer, and we shall generally find them much poorer creatures in the flesh than in the pages of their publications; and shall feel sure that those who quote their printed words as oracles of wisdom would remain entirely unimpressed by the same sentiments in the mouths of their authors delivered across a dining-table or in a drawing-room.

Nay, I will go further. In the course of a long life I have written much myself, and I have been amused to hear praises accorded to my articles, which I am very sure would never have been accorded if my authorship had been even suspected. I well knew that the articles were poor stuff, and my friends also would have soon found this out if they had known where they came from. Further, I have

known at least four men amongst my dear and intimate friends who did little else but write in periodicals of various characters and various opinions. I have survived them all, and I can give them no pain by speaking the truth about them. They were exceptional men, men of high academical distinction, of great literary gifts, of wide and deep general cultivation; men, all of them, as good, as generous, as high-minded as any men I ever knew. But they had, each of them, distinct intellectual faults and weaknesses. Charming as companions, to be loved and reverenced as friends, there was not one of them, nevertheless, at whose feet I, a loyal friend, would have sat, or whom I would have taken for my master; and I am sure not one of the thousands who read their thoughts and adopted them but would have said the same, had he known them as I did. I admit it is not fair to depreciate a class by taking bad examples, which every class must needs contain. I have instanced, therefore, in the very best I knew, and I say, speaking of these admirable men, that even with such men as these, the system which makes them despots of opinion is a bad one; and if it is bad with such men as these, what is it with the great mass of writers who are allowed to form our judgments and sometimes to guide our conduct? What can they know of the vast majority of subjects on which they undertake to instruct us? How can they even give us of their best under the strain and pressure and necessary haste which periodical writing entails?

You will not suppose me guilty of the folly and ingratitude of thinking or speaking disparagingly of the Press on the whole, or of the work that it has done. Milton and Lord Erskine would have taught me better, if on this subject I needed teaching. That the Press undoubtedly has faults is only what may be said of every other human institution. Its occasional licence is, perhaps, the price we pay for its liberty; but, on the whole, its enormous power has been exercised for good, and the good it has done has been as enormous as its power. Neither in their sphere do I undervalue, nor would I be guilty of the bad taste of speaking with any scorn of men just as good as I am; many of them much better and abler, and from whom I doubt not I could learn very much. These things are foreign to my present purpose, which is not to attack or de-

preciate any human being, but to assert, with all the energy I can command, the duty of independent thinking and forming individual judgments; and I object to the periodical Press and periodical writers only if and only so far forth as they interfere with this duty and make the performance of it by each of us more difficult. I should indeed be ashamed of myself if I could forget that abuses have perished which would have flourished but for the Press; that many an injustice has ceased which but for the Press would still have been perpetrated; and that it has first created and then fostered that general intelligence and healthy interest in public affairs of which, as a nation, we are so justly proud.

Nevertheless I think it will not be denied that periodical literature—reviews, magazines, newspapers—is, excepting poetry and novels, all, or nearly all, which even reading men can find time for. God forbid that I should even seem for a moment to speak scornfully of fine poetry or good fiction. They are the delight, the refreshment, the repose of life; only we have so little of them, and of other real books we have less and less. Nay, even the reading of periodical literature has become too heavy a task for us, and Mr. Stead, who has done so many good and clever things in his life, has invented his *Review of Reviews*, in which, in a few pages, you may get all that everyone has been saying or writing about everything for the last month past. Think of the *Review of Reviews* on this paper, if it noticed it at all. Philosophers tell us that Donati's comet, which stretched more than halfway from the horizon to the zenith, yet did not quench the light of the faintest star across which it passed, could by hydraulic pressure be squeezed into a good-sized tumbler. I turn in shuddering silence from contemplating the fate of your President at the hands of Mr. Stead.

But, if I may without presumption, I will say one word upon the moral aspect of the question. We are sent here by God with a mind as well as with a body, and it is our plain duty to make the best we can of both of them. We have not all the same advantages, but such as we have we are bound to use as beings of a large discourse looking before and after. We do not do our best if we do not strive after the truth in all things, and we do not strive if we do not try to be real, and in all grave matters, not only in religious

doctrine, prove all things and hold fast that which is good. The time will come when we "shall perceive"—I use the words of a great living writer—"that there are but two beings in the whole universe—our own soul and the God Who made it. Sublime, unlooked-for doctrine, yet most true? To every one of us there are but two beings in the whole world, himself and God; for as to this outward scene, its pleasures and pursuits, its honours and cares its contrivances, its personages, its kingdoms, its multitude of busy slaves, what are they to us? Nothing; no more than a show. Even those near and dear, our friends and kinsfolk, whom we do right to love, they cannot get at our souls or enter into our thoughts, so that even they vanish before the clear vision we have first of our existence, next of the presence of the great God in us and over us as our Governor and Judge, Who dwells in us by our conscience, which is His representative." You will easily guess where those words come from. Raffaelle is said to have thanked God that he lived in the days of Michael Angelo; there are scores of men I know, there are hundreds and thousands I believe, who thank God that they have lived in the days of John Henry Newman.

Hæc hactenùs! Enough of this. Let me add a word on two other subjects and I have done. First let me say that it is very likely, in striving to form a judgment for yourselves on any subject, you will form one at variance, not only with periodical writers, but with real and acknowledged authorities. Do not be discouraged. Think for yourself. Respect authority, distrust yourself if you find that after all you cannot agree with it, but if you cannot, say so like a man. Doubt is perhaps not seldom a higher form of faith; and honest inquiry and candid judgment are always plain duties. Once more, do not be discouraged. Great things are seldom fully appreciated at once. Sir Joshua Reynolds has recorded that his first impression of the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel at Rome was that of extreme disappointment, and he thought that Michael Angelo had been overrated. He was patient and studied. He ended by speaking of him as the greatest name in art, he called him "that truly divine man," and he expressed a hope, a hope which was pathetically realised, that the last words he ever uttered as President of the Royal

Academy might be the name of Michael Angelo. I remember well the time when nothing but the profound respect justly due to such men as Flaxman and Fuseli and Stothard prevented many of us from saying, what I suspect we felt, that their distinct preference for the broken statues of Phidias in the marbles of the Parthenon to the splendid Apollo of Agasias or Calamis was a piece of perverse eccentricity ; now I have been taught to see, and I think I do see, the great superiority of the Athenian's work to that of the Ephesian or the Rhodian. But I have learned to judge of art not from newspapers and magazines, but from listening to and trying to understand the conversation of great artists.

Again, the scorn with which Lord Jeffrey, and I believe Lockhart, received the poems of Wordsworth and of Keats is an example of what would come of trusting to reviews. These great poets owed little or nothing to periodical literature. They fought their way slowly to their chairs of deathless fame by the gradual increase of readers who thought for themselves, who felt their greatness, and who turned the fit audience, but few which they had at first, into the general recognition which now no educated Englishman refuses them.

I will give you another instance in a different walk of life. Owing to family connections, I was brought up in a devout admiration for Sir John Moore, as one of the noblest characters and greatest soldiers of modern times. But when I came into general society I found myself in a hopeless minority about him ; the influence of Mr. Frere and the eloquence of Mr. Canning had done their work, and Sir John Moore was looked upon as a discredited soldier and, on the whole, second-rate man. The first volume of Sir William Napier's *History of the Peninsular War* brought men to a pause, as indeed it ought, and many years later I was sitting next a very noble old gentleman, Admiral Sir George Seymour, who, if he had lived, would have been Lord Hertford. He was a kind and gracious old man, and I asked him, apologising for the folly of the question, who of all the distinguished persons he had met in his long and honoured public life he thought on the whole the most striking. He replied kindly that he did not think the question foolish, and that he had no doubt or hesitation in at once

answering "Sir John Moore." He went on to say much that I will not attempt to repeat of the singular beauty of his person and the heroic ascendency of his character over everyone who came near him. I was not long ago repeating some of this to a very accomplished man and a very great soldier, Lord Wolseley, and said that I had been taught that Sir John Moore had stamped himself on the British army; and that, on many a well-fought field, long after he had been left alone with his glory on the battlements of Corunna, the spirit of Sir John Moore was still present, and had contributed to victories which he could no longer direct. I was rejoiced to find that the belief of my youth was now the belief of great and most competent authorities, and that Lord Wolseley at least did not think the judgment of Sir George Seymour unreasonable or extravagant.

These are examples enough. I might perhaps remind you here in Birmingham of the storm of obloquy and abuse under which O'Connell lived and died; of the scarcely less universal abuse under which Cobden and Bright *lived*, but under which they did *not* die. I have said enough to show you the importance, if you would not do cruel injustice and neglect the clear duty of thinking for yourselves. Dr. Donne has put the truth of the matter into a single striking sentence: "Let me so esteem opinion that I despise not others' thoughts, since most men are such as most men think they be; nor so reverence it that I make it always the rule of my actions."

And if what I have been saying is true, either altogether or to a great extent, do not put off acting on it for a single day. Begin at once. You have here great opportunities for self-help and self-teaching. Use them. Read good books; I declare I think it does not much matter what they are, so they be good and furnishing food for thought. Men who read good books are, like those who habitually live with good men. They are raised, strengthened, purified by the company of good men, and good books are good men distilled as it were for us and preserved by printing. But do not delay. This is a serious matter, and though there is plenty of time to learn and to improve, there is none to trifle. "Time, remember, is the cradle of hope, but the grave of delusion; Time is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise. Wisdom

walks before it, Opportunity with it, and Repentance behind it. He that has made Time his friend will have little to fear from his enemies. But he that has made Time his enemy will have little to hope from his friends."

Once more: Seneca twice over, almost in the very words of Bishop Ken's hymn, bids us "live this day as if the last." "Live as if each day were your whole life," says he. "He only lives really happy and secure who, having lived to-day as best he can, looks forward without anxiety to what to-morrow may bring forth."

I will conclude with the noble words of Horace, and the magnificent imitation of them by Dryden, in which there is some Horace, but much more Dryden, and which, if you do not chance to know, you will thank me for bringing before you:

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse Vixi: cras vel atra
Nube polum Pater occupato,
Vel sole puro, non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retro est efficiet; neque
Diffinget infectumque reddet
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived To-day.
Be fair or foul, be rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of Fate, are mine;
Not Heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.

Here, in mercy to you, I will end. Excuse, in an old man, his garrulity, his platitudes, his commonplaces. If he had anything better to give you be sure he would give it. Take it at least as all he has to give; and as your best return to him, the only one he desires, forget the rubbish, and if here and there you have had a good thought put before you, remember it, act upon it, and at once.

COLERIDGE.

NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE FRENCH.

I.

THE general effect of the treaties between France and Great Britain, under which the former has rights in Newfoundland, may be stated thus: The sovereignty of the Colony being in Great Britain, the French were to be allowed to catch fish on the coast extending from Cape John on the east, passing by the north to Cape Ray on the west. They were to be allowed to erect temporary huts and stages or scaffolds for drying their fish during the summer season, but no permanent buildings of any sort; and in this fishing and drying they were not to be "interrupted" by the competition of the British fishermen.

The fishery to which the treaties related was clearly the cod fishery. That was the only fishery then known; the language of the treaties and the processes described, *e.g.*, "drying" on "stages" or "scaffolds," are applicable and intelligible in relation to that fishery only; and by the declaration accompanying the Treaty of Versailles, 1783, the "method of carrying on the fishery" which had theretofore "been acknowledged" was to be the "plan upon which the fishery" should thereafter "be carried on." Recent investigations have shown that in the negotiations preceding the making of the Treaty of Utrecht "codfish" was the word used by the diplomatists, but the word "fish" was substituted in the treaty itself, the word "codfish" not being considered scholarly by the literati who drafted the document.

The treaties were made at a time when the coast in question was occupied only by the fishermen of England and France, who every summer resorted to Newfoundland as a fishing-station. A continuance of that condition of things only was contemplated and

provided for by the treaties, and settlement in the Colony was for many years prohibited by Imperial legislation.

Notwithstanding this prohibition, a settled British population took possession of the Colony, many of whom resided and carried on the fishery on the coast to which the treaties relate.

For many years after the making of the treaties a large number of French fishermen also prosecuted the fishery over the coast comprised within the treaty limits, and for that purpose occupied the whole of the best harbours, where they annually set up their temporary establishments, called "rooms," for landing and curing their fish.

It may briefly be stated that the present conditions, within the French treaty limits, are, as nearly as possible, in all respects, the exact reverse of those which existed when the treaties were made. The "floating" fishermen from England have long ago entirely disappeared. Their place has been taken by a settled population of Colonists, whose object it is not only to carry on the fishery, but to turn to account the mineral, lumbering, and agricultural riches of the land. On the other hand, the French fishing fleet have all but entirely ceased to visit the coast. The total number of French vessels carrying on the fishery in 1889 within the treaty limits was *seven*, employing about 300 men, and catching about 3,000 quintals of fish!

The troubles with the French, arising out of the operation of the treaties, may be said to be of two kinds: those relating to the prosecution of the fishery and those relating to the occupancy of the land. With regard to the former, there were constant disputes between the British and French fishermen as to the extent of the rights conferred upon the French by the treaties, the French claiming an "exclusive" right both to the water and the land, the British recognising only a "concurrent" right on the part of the French, or, at the most, a right to "catch fish and dry them on land," free from *actual* interruption by the British. Over these disputes volumes of diplomatic correspondence have been written; which, however, now possess little more than a merely historic interest, the disputes themselves, as well as the causes out of which they arose, having all but entirely disappeared, and the questions so

long at issue having now but the very remotest connection, if any at all, with the present troubles.

While these questions were in issue, and so far as they still may be in issue, it is not easy to find a word which will adequately describe the condition of the British Colonist. To the reader of these pages a statement of the facts will probably appear incredible. Under the treaties, neither of the high contracting parties recognises the jurisdiction of the other, in cases of dispute, either as to the law or as to the facts. The Colonial Government, Legislature, and Courts have never exercised jurisdiction to enforce the rights or redress the wrongs of the Colonists as against the French. The so-called "protection" of the people of each nation is entrusted to the officers in command of their respective war-ships, sent to the coast for that purpose during the summer months only. In actual practice the Colonist goes to the wall in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases of dispute, the British officer being "instructed" so to conduct the "protection" service as not to incur the danger of friction with the French. For the most outrageous injustice at the hands of the French, committed under the pretence of treaty "rights," the Colonist has absolutely no redress. His boats, nets, and other fishing gear are frequently destroyed, he is often compelled by force to abandon his fishing; and against these indignities and injuries at the hands of French fishermen and French naval officers he appeals in vain to the British officer for "protection," which, in fact and practice, is afforded only to the French in the enforcement of their pretensions, no matter how preposterous, against the Colonist. To such outrageous lengths have French "pretensions" been asserted and enforced that it is a thing of frequent occurrence for a French man-of-war to enter a harbour within the treaty limits, and, upon finding a number of Colonial schooners there—some having come in for shelter, and some for the purpose of trying their luck at fishing in the adjoining waters—to compel the whole of the schooners to weigh anchor and leave the port, simply upon the pretext that they, or some of them, might at some time "interrupt" the French fishermen who were in the same harbour, and intended to occupy the adjoining fishing grounds! These and similar acts, not only unwarranted by the treaties, but in defiance of the most rudimentary

principles of international law, have been repeated so often, and tacitly acquiesced in, that they are now regarded by the French as sanctioned by tradition or usage, and relied upon by them as precedents.

The great grievance, however, of the Colonists, or perhaps, more correctly speaking, of the Colony, is in relation to its territorial rights and the property in land. Under the treaties, as already stated, the French have the right to dry their fish upon the land, and to erect temporary scaffolds and stages necessary for that purpose. They claim that this bare right is not subject to any question as to whether they *bonâ fide* or actually require to use the land or not; that it is subject only to their own will, or whim, or caprice, or malice, as the case may be; that whenever they please they may demand the use of any portion of the strand; and, as a corollary to this right, they deny the right of the Colonist to exercise any acts of ownership, or even of possession, which can possibly take away or abridge the rights of the Frenchmen as so defined by them. Although, on paper, this construction of the treaties has never been admitted by the British authorities, yet in actual practice it has not been resisted. For many years after the actual prohibition of settlement in any part of the Colony was removed, colonisation of that portion called the "French shore" was discouraged by all possible means, short of express prohibition. Of late years "government" and "representation" so-called have been conceded to that part of the Colony; but every grant from the Crown, from which all title to land is derived, is rendered practically worthless by the proviso which it contains, that the land is held *subject to the rights of the French under the treaties.* Doubtful and worthless as these supposed "rights" of the French are, the bare reservation of them in a Crown grant, in connection with the fact that the French continue to assert their claims, and to protest against the erection of any buildings, or the permanent occupancy of any portion of the coast, throws such a doubt over the title that no settlement of any sort can take place, except that of "squatters"; and not a dollar of capital can safely be invested in mining, agricultural, or lumbering operations of any kind. And this locking up of the resources of the land not only applies to the coast-line within the treaty limits,

but affects the whole of the interior of the Colony adjacent to that coast, inasmuch as the French claims prevent the erection of wharves, stores, or other buildings on the coast, necessary for the exportation of the products of the interior. Large amounts of capital have actually been subscribed, and are now awaiting investment in mining operations ; farmers are ready to settle down and cultivate the land, and lumberers are ready to clear the forests ; but French "treaty rights" are an absolute and insuperable barrier to enterprise of every kind. As if to extinguish once and for ever all hope or idea of ever "unlocking" the natural resources of this part of the Colony, the Imperial Government, in the year 1872, forbade the carrying out of a project for the building of a railway across the Colony from St. John's to St. George's Bay on the west coast because the latter point was within the French treaty limits, and the erection of a railway terminus there might interfere with the exercise of French treaty "rights"—the "right" to dry a few codfish on the beach, in a place which no Frenchman had actually occupied for fifty years, nor will ever again occupy.

Thus it will be seen that the "rights" which are now in fact exercised by *seven* fishing vessels only, for whose business *one mile* of coast would be more than sufficient, not only practically exclude the Colonists from the use or occupancy of about 700 miles of the coast, with all its valuable fishing grounds and harbours, but also prevent them from obtaining access to the agricultural, mineral, and lumbering riches contained in the thousands of square miles of the adjacent interior. Every prudent speculator, upon discovering the nature of the title which he is to get, simply abandons the enterprise forthwith, and nothing more is ever heard of it. The whole coast, *i.e.*, the land, is simply abandoned both by the French and by the English—by the French because they do not require it for themselves, and by the English, because it does not suit the purposes of the French to permit them to use it.

The questions which for convenience may be termed "acute," and which have brought up the whole subject of French rights in the Colony for consideration, relate to bait, bounties, and lobsters.

The bait and bounties questions may be stated within a brief compass. Within the past few years, since about 1883, the French

fishing business has taken a new departure. Previously to that date French-caught fish found a market in France and French Colonies, under the protection of a heavy duty upon foreign fish. France has for many years offered bounties to French fishermen on all fish caught by them and exported to foreign countries. This bounty, however, was never in fact largely, if at all, availed of by French fishermen till the date mentioned. Simultaneously with the withdrawal of the fishing fleet from the "French shore," where the fishery was becoming unprofitable, a rapid increase took place in the outfit from France and St. Pierre for the fishery on the banks of Newfoundland, far away from the "treaty limits." A large increase in their total catch of fish immediately took place, the increase being sent into the markets of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, which were formerly supplied almost, if not quite entirely, by Newfoundland fish. The bounties paid upon French fish amount to about 10s. per quintal, or from 60 to 70 per cent. of the cost of the article. The markets being limited, the effect of this bounty-fed competition was immediately and painfully felt in Newfoundland. It affected the value of the export trade of the Colony to an amount which has been estimated at about $1,000,000 per annum upon a total of about $6,000,000! The Colony was threatened with commercial ruin. Thousands of fishermen were left on shore without employment during the fishing season, because the prices obtained for fish in foreign markets were insufficient to enable the merchants to carry on the business. As a means of self-preservation, the Colonists adopted the only remedy within their reach. For their fishery on the banks the French fishermen require, and had always been furnished with, a supply of bait fish, taken by Newfoundlanders in the waters of the Colony near to St. Pierre, and by them exported to St. Pierre and sold to the French. The prohibition of this necessary supply of bait was the only feasible method of restricting the operations of the French fishermen, whose unfair competition was thus menacing the Colony with ruin; and the necessity for its adoption was recognised by a unanimous vote of the Newfoundland Legislature in the passing of the Bait Acts in 1886 and 1887, the only objections to which came from those who were directly interested in the traffic in bait, which the Bill was intended to prohibit. The

operation of the law very soon proved beyond question the efficacy of the remedy. In three years, chiefly owing to the operation of the Act, notwithstanding its somewhat imperfect enforcement, the total French catch was reduced by about two-thirds, unaccompanied by any corresponding diminution in the Newfoundland catch. This effect upon the fishing operations of the French has been admitted by them in the best-informed quarters; although, for purposes which are obvious, a certain portion of the French Press, and some of their politicians, affect to deny or disregard it.

The "lobster" question arose almost simultaneously with the passing of the Bait Act. The facts demonstrate to a certainty that but for the annoyance to the French caused by the Bait Act they would never have set up the pretensions in relation to lobsters which they now put forward.

The lobster industry has within a few years assumed a position of considerable importance in the trade of the Colony. Before the year 1887 several British factories were in operation upon the coast within the limits of the French treaties, and were not objected to by the French. Since the passing of the Bait Act, however, the French have not only erected lobster factories, and carried on the canning business for themselves, but they have also objected to the British factories as an "interruption" of their fishery, and an infringment of their treaty "rights." These lobster claims the Newfoundlanders hold to be preposterous, and in that contention the Imperial authorities concur. A lobster is not a "fish" either within or without the meaning of the treaties; catching lobsters is not "fishing," and is not done by fishermen; canning is not "drying"; and a permanent structure in the shape of a canning factory is not a "scaffold" or a "stage" for drying fish. In erecting their lobster factories the French hoped that they would be able to combine with that business the procuring of a supply of bait for the vessels engaged in the bank fishery, to take the place of that which they were prevented by the Bait Act from getting in St. Pierre from Newfoundlanders. This idea, however, does not appear to have proved a practical one, and hence the stronger reason for the second purpose or object of the lobster "claims." Although nothing was to be gained by the French in the prosecution of the lobster business

in itself, or as an auxiliary to the cod-fishery in procuring bait, yet their objection to the carrying on of the lobster business by the British, and the threatened destruction of that business, would be a powerful lever by which to extort terms from the Newfoundlanders in relation to bait. In the enforcement of their "exclusive" claims to the lobster industry the French have acted in the same spirit of supercilious defiance, not merely of the plain terms of the treaties, but of the plainest rules of international comity. In face of the well-known fact that the right of the French either to take lobsters or to prevent our people from doing so was absolutely denied by the Imperial Government, the commander of a French war-ship, in this, as in all other cases, assumes not only to interpret the treaties, but to enforce his interpretation of them. He takes it upon himself, in the most high-handed and summary manner, and without any previous warning or complaint, to enter British waters, to assert a sovereignty over British subjects, to take up and destroy their property, and to ruin them in their business. And this, so far at least as is known in the Colony, is done without any protest or objection on the part of the British officer sent to "protect" the Colonist, or of the Imperial Government; and for these outrages the sufferers are, up to the present moment, absolutely without any redress whatever!

The recent occurrences in St. George's Bay are a proof of the utter impossibility of applying or adapting the treaties to present conditions, or of avoiding aggressions on the part of the French to which no people worthy of the name of men or of British subjects will submit, and against which, if "protection" is not accorded to them by authority, they will take the necessary means of protecting themselves. The people of St. George's Bay have for many years derived an important part of their subsistence from the catching of herring, which they salt in barrels and export to Canada as an article of consumption. This occupation they had, up to the year 1887, followed without interruption or objection from the French, who had for many years ceased to "catch fish and dry them" in that locality. Upon the passing of the Bait Act, however, a public notice was issued by the commander of a French cruiser, threatening that if the Act was assented to the French banking fleet would come to St. George's Bay and take bait (herring) for themselves.

This year the French proceeded to carry this threat into execution. A fleet of French bank-fishing schooners went to St. George's Bay to procure the herring which the Bait Act prevented them from getting at St. Pierre from Newfoundlanders. The Colonists claimed two things: first, that the French had no right to take herring in St. George's Bay, to be used as bait for a fishery on the banks; and second, that whatever were the "rights" of the French, a French officer had no right to assume a jurisdiction in British waters, and by armed force to carry his view of the law into effect, or to remove or destroy the property of British subjects. A few days afterwards the occurrence took place which has been the subject of recent controversy. It was at first asserted that an armed force of marines had landed from a French war-ship and entered the stores of the Newfoundland fishermen, and compelled them to take their nets out of the water. The British officer was appealed to for "protection," but refused to interfere. Great indignation was expressed in this country at this violation of British sovereignty by a foreign Power. In a few days came the intelligence —described in some of the papers as "reassuring"—that the occurrence had not taken place, as originally stated; that only a single French officer had landed, in uniform, and requested the people to take up their nets, with which request they at once complied. With all respect to those who consider this statement as "reassuring," it is only so in the sense of being a reassurance, if we may use the term, that what the French officers have been doing in the past, and have done in this case, they will continue to do to the end of the chapter.

Arbitration is a method of settling the matters in dispute which naturally suggests itself, and particularly to those who are not intimately acquainted with or interested in the subject. The correspondence between Lord Knutsford and the Government of Newfoundland shows that arbitration was contemplated in relation to the "lobster" question only. According all due credit for the motives which dictated that proposal, it is one which it is impossible for the Colonists to entertain. In the first place, the main object of such an arbitration, viz., the keeping of the peace between the people of the two nations in relation to lobsters only—leaving *all*

other questions and matters under the treaties as they stood before—is not what the Colonists want, but the contrary. Any arrangement which contemplates, or aims at, the preservation of the French "rights" under the treaties, and merely the avoidance of present or acute friction over them, aims at an object the very reverse of that which the Colonists desire. The treaties are, in their main provisions and working, intolerable and absurd. They are of little or no value to the French, and they are a millstone around the neck of the Colony. If a settlement of the lobster question, no matter how favourable to the Colony, is going to continue French "rights" upon the coast, or to postpone their termination or abolition, then, the Colonists say, "better to allow the lobster question, with all its hardships, to remain unsettled, than to strengthen or preserve the treaties."

As to arbitration in relation to the main provisions of the treaties, the entertaining of such a proposition must depend entirely upon the nature and scope of the reference. If the reference is to be merely for the purpose of expounding or interpreting the treaties, it is difficult to see what there is (except the lobster question) upon which to arbitrate. The old question of "exclusive" as against "concurrent" rights of fishing, in relation to the cod-fishery, is no longer important or troublesome, for the reason that there is now plenty of room upon the once-called "French shore" for the fishermen of both nations. As to the French "rights" upon the land, it is difficult to see how any judicial interpretation of the treaties by an arbitrator can remove the incubus created by the existence of such rights as the treaties confer upon the French, or limit their power to do mischief by the capricious excercise of them. No matter how favourable to the Colonists the result of any merely judicial arbitration as to the meaning of the treaties may be, the condition of things remaining, as regards the land, will be intolerable and impossible of remedy, so long as the substance or shadow of French "rights" is preserved. Any continuation of a right on the part of the French to fish in Newfoundland waters, and to occupy and use the land for drying fish, amounting in effect to a sort of dual sovereignty in British territory, is impossible of adaptation to the ordinary exigencies of life in the Colony, no matter by what

restrictions or limitations it may be attempted to be regulated. There is no dispute, requiring the intervention of an arbitrator to determine, as to the existence of the French rights, and scarcely any as to the extent of those rights, and it is not over any such question that present troubles arise. What the Newfoundlanders complain of is the intolerable burthen inflicted upon the Colony by the bare existence of these treaty provisions, no matter how favourably they may be interpreted, or how justly they might be administered. If an arbitration should be proposed, under which the total extinguishment of the French treaty rights in the Colony was a fundamental condition, the functions of the arbitrator being to determine the amount to be paid to France, or to devise the plan or method of compensation to be given, the Colony would not only have no objection to the proposal, but would to the utmost of its ability co-operate in the carrying out of such an arrangement. But to any arbitration which does not contain this fundamental condition as a basis it is certain that the Colonists will not be a consenting party.

J. S. WINTER,
P. J. SCOTT,
A. B. MORINE,
Delegates from the People of Newfoundland.

II.

SOME friends in London having questioned me as to the manner in which the Newfoundland Fisheries question could most quickly be solved, I seize the opportunity of dissipating certain misunderstandings which, it appears to me, still prevail in a portion of the English as in a portion of the French Press.

I am not one of those pessimists who declare that the Anglo-French dispute on the lobster question, after having caused the shedding of oceans of ink, will by-and-bye cause the shedding of oceans of blood; and I attach too much importance to the amicable relations of the two neighbouring nations to neglect any effort at removing some erroneous opinions which can but aggravate the situation.

I do not think it necessary to insist upon the treaties by which the rights of France have been established in terms too clear to admit of any misinterpretation. The Treaty of Utrecht (April 11th, 1713), which deprived France of Acadia and of the last vestiges of her Colonial empire on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, left her the exclusive and general right of fishery upon a strictly defined portion of the coast of the island of Newfoundland. The right was exclusive, because only the French had the right to ply the trade in the fishery season on all this part of the shore, and no other persons, not even the inhabitants of the island, were allowed to offer hindrance or competition. It was general, because the framers of the treaty (which was drawn up in French, so that the English translation is of value only in so far as it conforms precisely to the French text) employed the most extensive terms possible, including all kinds of fish, shell-fish, such as the lobster, as well as cod, salmon, herring, &c. It was not without difficulty that our diplomacy obtained, at the time, this reservation of our rights, but they were considered essential to the existence of our maritime population on the north-west coasts of France. Since then they have been recognised and confirmed and even extended and defined by all the subsequent treaties between Great Britain and France which have touched upon the question. I

will quote, among others, the treaty of February 10th, 1763, between France, Spain, and Great Britain, of which Article 5 is in these terms: "French subjects shall have the liberty of fishing and drying upon such part of the coast of the island of Newfoundland as is specified in Article 13 of the Treaty of Utrecht, which article is renewed and confirmed by the present treaty." Again, I will quote the treaty of September 3rd, 1783. This treaty was not concluded under the same conditions as that of 1763. France was victorious; it was no longer England who was imposing peace—she was asking it, in circumstances that might make her esteem herself fortunate in preserving even a fraction of her old Colonial possessions in America. If France, faithful to her disinterested policy, had not been content with assuring the political independence of the United States, there is no doubt that she could, at that moment, have obtained important restitutions either in America or in India. But if her diplomacy renounced the idea of any such claim, it did not think it possible to omit—nor would public opinion have permitted the omission—to secure fresh confirmation of the exclusive right of the French in the zone reserved to them upon the Newfoundland shore, and this confirmation is the object of the joint declaration of the treaty of 1783, by which the King of England personally engages: 1st. To take the most positive measures to prevent his subjects from in any way troubling the French fisheries by their competition. 2nd. In furtherance of this end to cause the removal of settlements which may have been established by his subjects on the "French shore." 3rd. To give orders that the French fishermen shall not be restrained from cutting wood necessary for repairing their scaffolds, huts, and fishing boats. 4th. That the inhabitants of Newfoundland shall in no way molest the French fishermen during the fishing season, nor disturb their scaffolds, &c., during their absence. The persistence thus shown by French statesmen in having these rights recognised and respected every time that an opportunity arose proves how great was considered to be the interest in them of our coasting population and our navy. This interest was again affirmed when the treaties of 1814 and 1815 were drawn up. I will even add that, in 1814, the English negotiators vainly proposed to France to restore the island of Mauritius

in return for a renunciation of French fishery rights in Newfoundland; and that, attractive as was the prospect of regaining an island which was still called "Ile de France," and which retained so vivid a recollection of the mother country, the French diplomatists did not think that the exchange could be accepted. I have reviewed all these different texts, not only to establish the existence of an incontestable right, but also to show the importance attached by the various successive Governments of France to the preservation and free exercise of this right. I wished to demonstrate that the French Republican Government no more than the Monarchy can admit any denial of the right—nay, more, it cannot admit that the right can be a matter for any compromise. A portion of the English Press has indeed seemed to suppose that the French Government might fairly traffic with this right, and take in exchange either an indemnity in money or a territorial compensation. Either plan is equally impossible. The single aim of France in reserving these rights was to assure a livelihood to a considerable portion of her maritime population, to whom, if the right of fishing in Newfoundland were taken from them, she could offer no compensation. These people would find themselves expropriated from a domain where for centuries past they have gathered their means of livelihood, and would be reduced either to leave their native country or to die of hunger. Now, an exodus of these seamen would mean the depopulation and ruin of our coasts from Dunkirk to Nantes, and would weaken to a most serious extent the recruiting of our fleet. That is to say, the French Government is bound neither to yield nor to compromise in the matter of Newfoundland; and public opinion in England would be under a dangerous misapprehension if, taking in earnest the language of certain French newspapers which are by no means well-instructed on this question, it should be supposed that offers of purchase might be favourably entertained. It has been said that France had allowed these rights to fall into disuse, and that the English Government, having consciously failed to recognise them, had acquired a sort of prescriptive release. This is a complete error in fact and in law, and is doubly unjust to the French and to the English Governments. No doubt there have been—as was inevitable between two fishing

populations working amid fog, in a comparatively restricted area, and lacking the superintendence of an effective police power—conflicts between fishermen, and long discussions as to the consequent amount of injury caused and sustained on each side; but there has never been an interruption in the desire of the French Government to exercise its rights by means of its citizens, nor in that of the English Government to ensure respect for these rights through the action of its officials. For proof of this, it is sufficient to refer to the proclamations of Sir Charles Hamilton and Sir Thomas John Cochrane Knight, both Governors of the island of Newfoundland and its dependencies, in 1822 and 1828; which proclamations not only forbid the inhabitants of Newfoundland, under pain of legal consequences, to interfere with the operations of French fishermen carried on within the limits fixed by treaty, but even invite the French authorities to seize any who may do so, and bring them before competent courts, in order that they may be dealt with according to the rigour of the law.

I will further add that the exercise of this right by the French fishermen, far from injuring the inhabitants of Newfoundland, has been a source of advantage and prosperity to the poorer portion. Up to the time when the Bait Bill was at last ratified by the English Government, and put in force, the sale of bait to French fitters-out was a valuable and lucrative trade among the fishermen of Newfoundland. The Newfoundlanders thus took, indirectly, a share in the bounty given yearly by the French Government to the large-fish fisheries. Every year our sailors spent in buying bait at least from £40,000 to £60,000, which passed into the hands of those who sold the "capelans" and the "encorvets."* Since this sale has been forbidden the French have procured the necessary apparatus for carrying on this fishery themselves, and have thereby effected a considerable saving, at the expense, no doubt, of the inhabitants of Newfoundland, who have only their own Parliament to blame. There are in Newfoundland—and this is the point upon which the English public is in complete ignorance, because care has been taken to conceal the truth—two interests, that of the native people, which is

* A kind of small cuttlefish much used as bait.

at one with that of the French fishermen and which tends towards the re-establishment of the state of things existing previous to the passing of the Bait Bill, and the interest of certain traders who within the last few years have established themselves on the French shore, and of whom some are natives of Newfoundland while others come from Nova Scotia or other parts of the American continent. These traders would like to monopolise all the fishery, whether of fish or shellfish, and to turn the common inheritance, which has for centuries given support to maritime people, both French and English, into an exclusive domain reserved for their greed and for the rapid and scandalous increase of their fortunes. These are the people who have caused all the recent quarrels, who devised and carried the Bait Bill, contrary as it was to the evident interests of the very population of Newfoundland ; who invented the ridiculous distinction between the *fishery* of fish and the *capture* of shellfish. It is not surprising that they should, in a certain measure, have succeeded in leading English opinion astray, since we have seen a French Minister—that able man M. Spuller—himself accept some of these sophisms, and give them forth as proved. This Minister admitted that the preparation of lobsters could not be carried on under the conditions of the Treaty of Utrecht on the French shore, but required permanent buildings; while, in reality, the preparation of preserved lobsters is not carried on upon the shore, but actually on board the French boats. An English philosopher has said : "Falsehood never grows old." Public opinion in England is already beginning to distrust the exaggerations of the factitious movement which some interested persons want to stir up around a simple appeal to the respect due to treaties. The just feeling and good sense of the English people will soon bring them back to a healthy appreciation of facts, and lead them to perceive that in this matter, as in many others, the best solution is to respect rights which have been hallowed by the tradition of centuries.

ÉMILE FLOURENS.

THE SALON AND THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

WHEN one reads year after year the praises and self-congratulations which characterise the references to English art, not only at the inaugural banquet of the Royal Academy, but also of the art critics in general, one is struck by the remarkable difference between the way in which the French are in the habit of looking on their artistic work of the year and the self-satisfied complacence with which the English persuade themselves that our excellence in the field of painting and sculpture affords us every reason to believe that our artists have nothing to learn, while our public have nothing else to do but to appreciate these national productions. Ask your French friend, when you arrive in Paris in the middle of May, what there is at the Salon. "Rien que des Croûtes, Mon ami, c'est toujours la même chose," he will probably tell you; and when you go to see for yourself you will, if you are of a liberal mind, be astonished at his disparaging remarks. Monstrosities you will find in abundance, and hare-brained performances also; but with it all there will be a mass of both pictures and sculpture which will make you think that the French are peculiarly given to underrating the work of their artists, or that they are remarkably difficult to please. Go, however, on an ordinary day, and form your opinion for yourself of what the masses of visitors say of the pictures as they go round the rooms of the Salon and the Academy, and note the tenor of the criticisms.

It is midday on a May day at the Academy; the large centre room is full to overflowing; you can only see the line pictures by diving round the bodies of the crowd. There is a crowd round the "Redemption of Tannhäuser." An elderly patrician is talking to his daughter. "What splendid colour that picture has," she says.

"No wonder," he replies, "it was sold for £2,000 the day of the opening." "How tired he looks after his long pilgrimage, and how well he shows his despair," she suggests. "Yes," replies the father. "Those sandals can hardly have been nice things to walk in; but you know, I don't think I quite like the idea of that body being dressed up for burial in all those robes, do you?" and they are carried away by the crowd. I come to a terrific picture, all red, yellow, green, and fog—Vicat Cole's "The Thames at Greenwich." Two well-informed cockneys are picking out the church spires in the distance, while a party close by are examining Boughton's "Puritans," and expatiating on the wonderful effect with which the idea of the cold of the snow is rendered on the faces of the figures in the foreground. I pass on, by innumerable pictures, and note the enthusiasm of a country parson and his family over a rainbow in a Keeley Halswelle landscape. "Well, I never saw anything so life-like before," says the old lady, rapturously. "No, nor I, my dear; it reminds me of that storm we had last summer when the lightning struck old Margate's cottage by the rectory, and we all thought that rainbow afterwards was quite the finest we ever saw; but it was not half as lovely as this!" So we pass on—by the portraits—and the running commentary on the dresses and jewellery reaches one as a murmur of the crowd. "What a lovely table that is in Mr. Fildes' picture of that old lady," says a louder voice than the rest. "I suppose it must have been the particular ornament of her drawing-room," suggests the companion, "I do not think you would find it in a studio?" Two young ladies are taking a stealthy and half-aside look at Storey's most unnude picture of "Paris and Œnone." "The Dock Strike in London" has its crowd as the entrance of a bee-hive has its bees about its door. "The Young Squire in the Turnip-field" causes many uplifted heads further on, till at last we arrive at "The Lord Mayor's Show," with the absolutely real flunkies in the foreground, and here the block is complete. The crowd are too enthusiastic for words. They drink in the reality. They discuss the possible conversations of the people, the age of the footmen, the gold on the coach, until I am driven back in my lukewarmness to find an exit through the sculpture gallery. A dreadfully thin tall figure, with two battered bird's wings

about the head, is engaging the silent contemplation of two middle-aged spinsters, who seem not quite to understand the matter, and who turn with reverence and admiration to the colossal representation of a robust and well-nourished "City gent," whom they are acquainted with, and whose bust, wearing a smile of marble satisfaction, beams upon them in response to their kind recognition. "Is not that fine, Mary? I am sure the family will prize that. So like him, too; only, perhaps, he is not quite as large as that." The ladies are ignorant that Mr. Jorkings is being represented in the heroic style, probably to illustrate his wealth and local importance. I go forth, slowly wending my way to lunch, and ruminating over what I have seen. Clearly it is not art this public wants. Topic is what they like: a series of highly-coloured *Illustrated London News* oleographs is the general taste.

Stories told in colour on canvas are the yearly treat the country parson and his family fly up to see when they attend the church May Meetings, and many others do the same. Hardly anyone looked, except in passing, at either "The Bishop of Chichester" or the "Ex-Mayor of Bradford," by Ouless; and even the "Bath of Psyche" did not interest the passers-by half as much as the three old gentlemen smoking, and discussing a newspaper, outside the village tavern. As I thought of this I was reminded of a visit some few days ago to the Salon. The crowd was as great, only the rooms were larger; the visitors talked far less. They seemed to be more attentive. Colour rather than subject seemed to take the crowd; and this seemed strange, for the Paris artists undoubtedly strain every nerve to invent a gruesome and awe-arresting subject. "Vois-tu, Marie, cette tête d'enfant, comme c'est bien fait? On voit bien qu'il dort. Et ces deux enfants nus là-bas qui se sèchent après leur bain au devant de feu, comme c'est mignon. Ils ont l'air d'être tellement à leur aise. Le rayonnement du feu detache si bien leurs petits corps du fond du tableau." So says a worthy artisan to his square-faced better half. "Regarde le soleil dans ces champs, et l'ombre sous les arbres. Je voudrai bien que nous puissions passer tous nos dimanches dans un pays pareil." "Ah! cela doit être le Plafond par Munkacsy, n'est ce pas? Ma foi! Je trouve cela bien vulgaire, avec toutes ces couleurs criantes." "C'est vrai. Ce

grand tableau de la femme nue sur le cheval blanc est bien mieux." "Oui, mais j'aime mieux la course de chariots dans la grande pièce là-bas. Il y a plus de mouvement. Elle est un peu sevère, cette Godiva." And so the commentaries go on.

I find myself, as I wander into Piccadilly, musing on this strange difference in artistic appreciation, or expectation if I can call it so, of the two people, and I wonder if it is the public taste that makes the artists of a nation, or if the artists educate the people up to their standards? My ideas run on from this to tracing a running commentary in my own mind on what I have seen, for many years now, in a succession of Salons and Academies, and I ponder over the differences of the two schools. Unlike the dining Academicians, flattering guests, and newspaper critics, I try, as a humble member of the public, to arrive at some record of these differences. Seeing that pictures were made for man, not man for pictures, I venture to hold that I have an inborn right to criticise these things, and that if there are radical faults in our standards of art-appreciation in England, one may dare to state them openly, and without offence.

As art in its real sense is undoubtedly cosmopolitan or else non-existent, we should in some measure study the opinion of foreign nations on our English art. Except for one or two artists, such as Sir F. Leighton and Henry H. Moore, Swan, and a few animal painters, I doubt if you were to put up a collection of English pictures for sale whether you would sell them at all in a Continental auction-room. This is not the case with the modern school of painters in France, and certainly not of the preceding one. Let a fine lot of pictures of the Barbizon school come up for sale, such as the Secrétan collection, and note the quiet and far-sighted Scotch millionaires who will come over to it, and the number of Americans who will give fabulous prices for these works; and if it were advertised that some important works by Cazin, L'Hermitte, Richet, Boudin, Iwill, Gervex, and Friant, and several others were to be put up for sale, how many would find their way into French or foreign drawing-rooms? Clearly this is the real test of what the picture-loving and understanding world think. A few English enthusiasts with money and with limited experience will, under the advice of one or two of our Bond-street prophets, buy anything they are told

is admirable. Thus it is that Millais, Watts, Burne Jones, Orchardson, and various other artists are able to command very high prices for their works, in the very limited field of the large manufacturing towns of England. Let these same pictures be put to the same ordeal as the Cazins and L'Hermittes, &c., and see what the foreigners would say to them. The same thing applies to our portrait painters. Who, except an Englishman of mature years, would ever go to Sir J. Millais, to Herkomer, to Orchardson, or even to the late F. Holl, to be painted? And when we come to the Colliers, the Hallés, the Shannons, I simply ask, Will any human being, male or female, ever cross the Channel to be painted by one of these English artists?

If this is the case with regard to pictures it is infinitely truer with regard to sculpture. The art may almost be said to be non-existent in this country. Look at the performances of the year at the Academy. This year's Salon is not good, but compare even the "Femme au Paon," and Gérôme's painted "Tanagra" (to say nothing of the innumerable busts and some remarkably good monuments and compositions of this scale) with the fearful inelegancies of the "Pandora" at the Royal Academy, the "Angel of Death," the figure representing "The Genius of Sculpture" (which looks like a boy cutting a head out of a turnip), and the green mural ornament with nude figures in every inelegant attitude imaginable, which reminds one of the very worst period of German art in the eighteenth century. I shall be told to look at Gordon on his camel, and my eye will be offended by masses of bronze tassels of the most realistic character, with a palm-branch base ornament; and I can only say that it must have been very like Gordon, and his camel too, but I do not call it a work of art any more than I should a photo taken of that illustrious man with an American kodak.

The fact is we English miss the very pith of the whole matter in our art studies. Either it is the public that want this kind of thing or it is the painful realism of the artists' minds, but everything has to be explained to the onlooker. In the Windsor Castle picture at the Academy even the Government trigonometrical mark on the old wall is rendered with unerring fidelity. Accessories of every description occur in every picture as a sort of interpretation of

what is going on. Sir J. Millais is not above representing a stuffed pheasant in the very foreground of his "Dew-drenched Furze" at the New Gallery. It is not my purpose to uphold the class of painting of which there is a glorious show at the Grosvenor—pictures if such they can be called, which have hardly advanced beyond the stage of artists' sketches and fleeting impressions. The red and green woman, for instance, by Melville, which should never be allowed to hang on the walls of any exhibition. A sketch may have merit in itself but it is not a picture; take for example the most instructive and interesting exhibition of works exhibited this spring by Messrs. Goupil. Yet these things are not pictures and should never be admitted into any exhibition. The fact is our picture-dealers are far and away better critics of art than our artists and Academicians. Many are the foreign pictures that are got together by these enterprising purveyors, and it is interesting to see the rapidity with which they are picked over (and very well picked over) by unknown connoisseurs who can afford these luxuries.

But to return. In the matter of topical pictures, the English school has not advanced very much beyond the days of Frith's "Railway Station." The conceptions never go beyond the condition of coloured photographs. No Englishman would ever have dreamt of composing a picture like Van Beer's charming and delightful little thing called "The Smile," which no doubt nine-tenths of the people who go to the Academy have not even found. Ouless has given us some fair specimens of sturdy middle-aged men with marked features, and Herkomer has given us others which he has effectually vulgarised. Sir J. Millais does no better, as the collected exhibition of his pictures some years ago manifestly set forth. Truth there was in abundance, naked truth, but in its most inartistic form; hard, stiff realities and nothing more. Where is the grace of Sir Joshua, the love of colour and daintiness of Gainsborough, the delicacy of Romney? These men lived, they came almost unappreciated into the field, and their art has died with them. Constable, too, to follow another line, the direct precursor of the Barbizon school, and old Crome, they have left no descendants. It will surely not be urged that Mr. Brett, with his glare of colours and hard outlines, or Mr. Keeley Halswelle, with his strange palette,

or Vicat Cole, who must use a sponge rather than a brush, are the descendants of these men of another age?

In this matter of portrait-painting, too, what is the meaning of this queer licked process by which Sir J. Millais, Herkomer, the late F. Holl, and even Ouless arrived at their *finished* effects? At a distance the human form in their picture has a rugged, leathery, withered look, such as old age brings; while, if examined closely, the surface is composed of repeated licks and touches laid over one another with blurred outlines and a sticky unfinished look, as if the artist had been painting against time, or imagined his picture was going to be "skyed" by our grandchildren, and wished to prepare his effects beforehand. Again, there is the flat, smooth, thin paint style, through which the canvas threads are visible. This is the way the ladies are portrayed by Shannon and others. Some of these pictures are refined and meritorious, but they, one and all, have a deadly flatness; the figure never comes forth from the canvas (the one criterion of a portrait), and the *eau sucrée* style swallows up everything. Turn from these things and consider Lefevre's portraits at the Salon, look at Bonnat's "Carnot." I will not say so much of Carolus Duran at the Champs de Mars, nor will I say anything in praise of the many portraits of *dresses* that pass for the name of pictures in Paris. Portraiture is, undoubtedly, the rarest of all arts, but it is well to recognise the tendency of different schools. Even the two portraits by Mdlle. C. Hildebrand, at the Salon, are infinitely better than any one of Mr. Shannon's pictures at the New Gallery.

There is one characteristic of all French painting which is absolutely the converse of the English school. Not only does a French artist use colour and light and shade in a bright and dainty manner, but a French picture is generally clean. It is never *léché*. Alfred Parsons is almost the only one of our landscape painters who paints "clean." Most artists reduce their pictures to oleographs by working them up, colour on colour, and stroke upon stroke, so that half a dozen pictures really underlie one another on the canvas. Even the Chinese do not do this. It is a well accepted axiom in Oriental art that the fewer the strokes a picture is drawn with, the better the composition, and the higher the art. Take the pictures

by L'Hermitte, Friant, Courtois, and others, and notice the cleanness of the treatment, and then look at your Keeley Halswelles, &c., and see the difference. One only of our painters works straight off, so to speak, and he is almost the only one whose pictures would sell out of England. I allude to our sea painter, Henry Moore. Of course I am not referring here to work like that of Alma Tadema or Strudwich, both of them men with distinct originality of purpose and deeply inspired with literary appreciation in their particular styles of art. Such men stand alone; they are artists and archæologists combined, a rare combination and one peculiar to England. The fact is, the English landscape painter either sees a murky landscape with dull and sombre colours, like Leader in his "Silent Evening Hour," at the Academy, or we are given things like Mr. Brett's sea pieces, which abound in every badly assorted colour of the rainbow. The great school of Barbizon had, as I said, a *technique* which has much affinity in its effects with that of Constable; they worked their pictures, however, not by adopting the English method of four coats and a flat, but by blending their outlines on the canvas till they got a fine surface they went on painting away till the apparently unmeaning surface, as you look closely into it, gradually but surely assumes distinct form and outline as you slowly retire from the canvas. It is very interesting to examine a Diaz or a Troyon from this point of view. The solidity of the paint is unmistakable. When quite close to the picture you see absolutely nothing at all. There are no separate licks whatever; it is a purely blended surface with no form to the shadows or distances; but as you recede everything takes its place, and you behold that wonderful effect which we all know so well in the work of this school. It is interesting to look at the early works of Corot from this point of view, before he gave up the tea-tray style for his later manner.

The deduction I would attempt to draw from these criticisms is that the English school, of both portrait and landscape painters, is still, so far as art is concerned, in the valley of the shadow of death. They may sell their pictures to Manchester manufacturers, but the buying world abroad will have nothing to do with them. There are Americans who have spent hundreds of thousands of

pounds on pictures, such men as Mr. Ames, of Boston, the Vanderbilts in old days, Mr. Huntingdon of New York, Mr. Marquand—men who have magnificent galleries which they add to every day. If anybody wants to know the facts let them find out from Messrs. Goupil, Georges Petit, and other French dealers. These collectors hardly ever buy an English picture. You can have no severer criticism on English art than this; and, by way of confirmation, it is a fact that in Scotland and also in England, our collectors have had their eye constantly on the French school of late, and have paid very large prices for such works. All the self-laudation of the united Academicians at their annual symposium will not get over this dry, hard fact; and no amount of patient work on the part of our artists (few of whom would dare to speak their mind on such themes) will alter matters till we are prepared to go back to the teaching of our older masters, and combine with this education a careful appreciation of the modern French school of draughtsmen and colourists. Go to the Louvre and see the patient way David painted in his figures in the nude in his grand study for the picture of the "Jeu de Paume" demonstration; see the training the young Frenchman goes through in studying from the nude; see the attention that is given in France to finely executed pictures of the nude at the Salon. There is no nonsense with artists there over the "vile human body!" In England no one dares to paint the nude at all, except Sir F. Leighton, whose natural delicacy and refinement are the only criterion that can be followed by younger artists who aspire to get their pictures on the walls of the Academy. So long as we have Horsleys and "British Matrons," who write letters to the papers, we may as well give up the idea that art can advance. If the human form is *vile*, the artists had better shut up shop or become Mohammedans at once, to whom the delineation of that form is forbidden. The Greeks did not think thus. To them humanity was glorious and divine. Latter-day France may have gone beyond the bounds of decency, I allow, yet art is a great republic where all schools must have their chance. If the works are crude the public may laugh, but sober opinion will condemn them to eventual failure.

The one merit of the French schools is the encouragement that they give to every honest attempt to discover new fields in painting; it is a veritable endowment of research adjudged by popular favour to merit. Narrow in many things, in art the French are the most liberal of people. They raved over Whistler, and recognised his delicacy and merit when the English Pharisees of art laughed at him. Not one-half of the pictures that go to the Salon are ever intended for sale; they are studio works done for the fame and commendation of the artist, by which he hopes to get other work. The galleries here are all potential retail shops where every artist hopes to trade. No art can prosper on these narrow lines. Academicians may praise and prate, critics may do the same to please Academicians, and Manchester millionaires may buy and Bond Street tradesmen sell; but this does not create or maintain a school of art any more than the demand for Kakiomonos in Japan demonstrates a school of art in that country. There is a local demand, that is all.

We may be, and no doubt are, in the matter of empire the Romans of modern Europe; but in art, and in all that pertains to art teaching, the French are the modern Athenians, and Paris is the modern Athens. It would be better, then, if some of our Brahmins in the artist world were to be less satisfied with our performances and not conclude, because we have half a score of artists or more who can make large professional incomes from the sale of pictures, and a host of minor men who can eke out a livelihood thereby, that therefore we have a school of painters who have nothing to learn from other nations. As it is evidently not within the licence of any artist who can appreciate these truths to state them boldly and crudely to the public, it may, perhaps, awaken an idea of continuing this discussion if a simple picture dilettante ventures thus to open the ball.

MARLBOROUGH.

STUDIES IN CHARACTER.

No. IV.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

"His brows black yet and white unfallen hair
Set in strange frame the face of his despair,
And I despised not, nor can God despise,
The splendid silent anger of his eyes.
A hundred years of search for flying Truth
Had left them glowing with no gleam of youth;
A hundred years of vast and vain desire
Had lit and filled them with consuming fire;
Therethrough I saw his fierce eternal soul
Gaze from beneath that argent aureole."

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

WHOEVER attempts to write a study of Mr. Gladstone's character undertakes to handle a rather complicated theme. He has to analyse a nature agitated and perplexed by a dozen cross-currents of conflicting tendency, and to assign their true causes to psychological phenomena which are peculiarly liable to misinterpretation.

Mr. Gladstone has for the last half century loomed so large in the public view as the Politician, the Minister, and latterly the Demagogue, that other and deeper aspects of his character have been overlooked and obscured. Thus it will probably seem to savour of paradox, or *bizarrerie*, to affirm, as the present writer is prepared to do, that the paramount factor of Mr. Gladstone's nature is his religiousness. The religion in which Mr. Gladstone lives and moves and has his being is an intensely vivid and energetic principle, passionate on its emotional side, definite in its theory, imperious in its demands, practical, visible, and tangible in its effects. It runs like a silver strand through the complex and variegated web of his long and

chequered life. "At Eton," said the late Bishop Hamilton, of Salisbury, "I was a thoroughly idle boy, but I was saved from some worse things by getting to know Gladstone." There still exists a deeply interesting correspondence between Mr. Gladstone and his father, in which the young student of Christ Church weighs, with characteristic earnestness of tone and redundance of diction, the reasons which prompted him to undertake a political career, against those which might have impelled him to Holy Orders. Had the decision gone differently, the most interesting of all the "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury" would still be unwritten. But the mere choice of a profession could make no difference to the ground-tone of Mr. Gladstone's thought. While a politician, he was still essentially, and above all, a Christian—some would say, an ecclesiastic. Through all the changes and chances of a political career, as a Tory, as a Home Ruler, in office and in opposition, sitting as a duke's nominee for a pocket-borough, and enthroned as the idol of an adoring democracy, Mr. Gladstone

> "Plays, in the many games of life, that one
> Where what he most doth value must be won."

In his own personal habits, known to all men, of systematic devotion, in his written and spoken utterances, in his favourite studies, in his administration of public affairs, in the grounds on which he has based his opposition to policies of which he has disapproved, he has steadily and constantly asserted for the claims of religion a paramount place in public consideration, and has reproved the offensive platitudes of those who thought, or affected to think, that Christianity, as a spring of human action, was an exhausted force.

It is this religiousness of Mr. Gladstone's character which has incurred the bitter wrath of those large sections of society whose lax theories and corresponding practice his example has constantly rebuked; which has won for him the affectionate reverence of great masses of his countrymen who have never seen his face; and which accounts for the singular loyalty to his person and policy of those Nonconformist bodies from whom, on the score of merely theological opinion, he is so widely separated. Mr. Gladstone's

present attitude towards Dissenters and Dissent, so strikingly different from that which marked his earlier days, is due, no doubt, in part, to the necessities of his political position, but due much more to his growing conviction that English Dissent means a robust and consistent application of the principles of the Kingdom of God to the business of public life. The best theologian in England (as Dr. Döllinger called Mr. Gladstone) cannot help being aware that the theory of Dissent, both in respect of its historic basis and of its relation to scientific divinity, leaves much to be desired; but not the less clearly does he recognise the fact that, on those supreme occasions of public controversy when the path of politics crosses the path of morality, the Dissenting bodies of England have pronounced unhesitatingly for justice and mercy, while our authorised teachers of religion have either been silent or have spoken on the wrong side.

It is this keen sense of the religious bearing of political questions which has determined Mr. Gladstone's action in not a few crises of his Parliamentary life. His belief that marriage is a sacramental and indissoluble union dictated his pertinacious opposition to the Divorce Bill in 1857. Ten years later he felt that the Irish Establishment could no longer be maintained, because it could plead neither practical utility nor "the seal and signature of ecclesiastical descent." In the Eastern Question he discerned that all the various interests which dread and loathe Christianity were making common cause on behalf of the Power which has for centuries persecuted the worshippers of Christ in Eastern Europe. In more recent days, it is very probable that among the forces which have drawn him into his passionate advocacy of Irish Nationalism has been the fact that the cause of Home Rule is to a great extent the cause of that august and authoritative communion to which the Celtic race is so profoundly attached, and which, at least in some of its aspects, Mr. Gladstone himself has always regarded with a friendly eye.

The administration of Government has always been, in Mr. Gladstone's hands, a religious act. Even in the trivial concerns of ordinary life the sense of responsibility to an invisible Judge for the deeds done in the body presses on him with overwhelming

weight. He is haunted by responsibility for time and talents and opportunities and influence and power; responsibility for reading and writing and speaking and eating and drinking; and to this the task of Government superadds responsibility for the material and moral interests of the people entrusted to his charge; responsibility, above all else, for much that vitally affects the well-being, the efficiency, and the spiritual repute of that great religious institution with which the commonwealth of England is so closely intertwined. In the Bidding Prayer at Oxford the congregation is exhorted to pray for those in authority that they "may labour to promote the glory of GOD and the present and future welfare of mankind; remembering always that solemn account which they must one day give before the judgment-seat of CHRIST." Those who have been behind the scenes when Mr. Gladstone was preparing to make some important appointment in the Church, and have witnessed the anxious and solemn care with which he approaches the task, have seen that high ideal of duty translated into practice.

If we assign the first place in Mr. Gladstone's character to his religiousness, we must certainly allow the second to his love of power. And it is neither a sarcasm nor a jest (though it sounds like both) to say that this second characteristic is in some measure related to the first. From his youth up Mr. Gladstone has been conscious of high aims and great abilities. He has earnestly desired to serve his day and generation, and he has known that he has unusual capacity for giving effect to this desire. In order that those powers and that capacity may have free scope, it has been necessary that their possessor should be in a position of authority, of leadership, of command. And thus it comes about that ambition has been part of his religion; for ambition means with him nothing else than the resolute determination to possess that official control over the machine of State which will enable him to fulfil his predestined part in the providential order, and to do, on the largest scale, and with the amplest opportunities, what he conceives to be his duty to God and man. This is Mr. Gladstone's love of power. It has nothing in common with the vulgar eagerness for place and pay and social standing which governs the lesser luminaries of the political heaven; but, in itself an inborn and resistless impulse, it has become

identified with Mr. Gladstone's deliberate theory of the public good, and it is reinforced by the unbroken habit of a lifetime. As a Tory, as a Peelite, as a Liberal, and as a Home Ruler, Mr. Gladstone has passed the greater part of his life amid the excitements, the interests, and the responsibilities of office; and, when not in office, he has found in the active guidance of a militant opposition ample scope for the exercise of his astonishing gifts, and a scarcely diminished importance in the public eye.

It is now more than twenty years since he fixed, by anticipation, the age of sixty as the date of his retirement from public life. It is fifteen years since he intimated his intention to occupy the brief remainder of his days with hymnology and Homer. It is ten years since the faithful *Daily News*, in a kind of pious rapture, described its great leader's genius as having entered on its "Odyssey or sunset stage." Yet Ulysses' wanderings are not yet ended. The sun has not yet set. And that "unconscious influence of his restlessness at being out of office," which so shrewd and so friendly an observer as Bishop Wilberforce long ago discerned in him, still keeps Mr. Gladstone in the forefront of political activity and the hottest part of the political battle.

It is almost unnecessary to observe that Mr. Gladstone's love of power is supported by a splendid fearlessness. In proposing in Parliament the national memorial to Lord Beaconsfield he referred in tones of genuine admiration to his dead rival's political courage; and that great quality has been illustrated at least as signally in his own career. No dangers have been too threatening for him to face, no obstacles too formidable, no tasks too laborious, no heights too inaccessible. His courage has, indeed, its inconvenient side. He begins to build his towers without counting the cost, and in going to war forgets to calculate the relative strength of ten and twenty thousand. The natural consequence is frequent failure; but failure only strengthens Mr. Gladstone's resolve and stimulates his endeavours. Often defeated, he never despairs; and, though his friends have more than once written *Requiescat* on what they believed to be his political tomb, he persists in substituting *Resurgam.*

The love of power and the courage which supports it are

allied in Mr. Gladstone with a marked imperiousness. Of this quality there is no trace in his manner, which is courteous, conciliatory, and even deferential; nor in his speech, which breathes an almost affected humility. But the imperiousness shows itself in the more effectual form of action; in his sudden resolves, his invincible insistence, his recklessness of consequences to himself and his friends, his habitual assumption that the civilised world and all its units must agree with him, his indignant astonishment at the bare thought of dissent or resistance, his incapacity to believe that an overruling Providence will permit him to be frustrated or defeated.

It is this last peculiarity of Mr. Gladstone's temper which has exposed him to the severest shocks of adverse fate. His friends and relations, his colleagues and supporters and official guides, know so well this imperious optimism, and dread so naturally the consequences of disturbing it, that they insensibly fall into the habit of assuring him that everything is going as he wishes, and that human daring and political perversity will not, in the long run, venture to withstand his wise and righteous will. It is the inconvenient property of those who systematically speak smooth things sometimes to prophesy deceits, and again and again, as in 1874 and 1886, Mr. Gladstone's complaisant counsellors have prepared for him a rude awakening from sweet dreams of majorities and office to the grim reality of defeat and opposition.

Mr. Gladstone's love of power is one of the many features of his character which have been widely misconstrued. His political opponents cannot or will not believe that it is only a synonym for disinterested devotion to the public good. Another point in which the general estimate of him is curiously erroneous is his feeling about change. It has fallen to his lot to propose so many and such momentous alterations in our political system that all his enemies, and some of his friends, have come to regard him as a man to whom change for its own sake is agreeable. Never was a greater error. Mr. Gladstone is essentially and fundamentally a Conservative. He is, as we all know, a disciple of Aristotle and St. Thomas Aquinas and Dante and Burke. From these great masters he has learned the value of authority, the sanctity of law, the danger

of laying inconsiderate hands upon the Ark of State. His natural bias is to respect institutions as they are, and nothing short of plain proof that their effect is injurious will induce him to set about reforming them. And even when he is impelled by strong conviction to undertake the most fundamental and far-reaching alterations of our polity the innate conservatism of his mind makes him try to persuade himself that the revolution which he contemplates is in truth a restoration. Thus his favourite argument for Home Rule is that it is merely a return to the system of government which commended itself to the wisdom of our fathers, and which their presumptuous children heedlessly set aside; and he seeks to allay the alarms of his Radical followers by dwelling on the encouraging prospect that an Irish Parliament would probably contain a large majority of Conservatives.

The Church, both as a Divine institution and an estate of the realm, has had no more passionate defender than the author of *Church Principles Considered in their Results* and *the State in its Relations with the Church*. His old-world devotion to the Throne was displayed, amid the plaudits of his foes and the moans of his friends, in the debates on the Royal Grants last summer. Even the House of Lords, which has so often mutilated and delayed great measures on which he set his heart, still has a definite place in his respect, if not in his affection. Indeed, he attaches to the possession of rank and what it brings with it an even overweening importance. Everyone remembers the famous occasion when, on being asked in a court of law whether he was a friend of the Duke of Newcastle, he replied that he was, as far as a person in his humble station could claim so great an honour. And a considerable portion of the undue deference which he has always paid to Lord Randolph Churchill arises from his admiration for a man in high station who yet condescends to apply himself to public affairs. In all the petty details of daily life, in his tastes, his habits, his manners, his way of living, his social prejudices, Mr. Gladstone is the stiffest of Conservatives. Indeed, he not seldom carries his devotion to the existing order to a ludicrous point, as when he gravely laments the abolition of the nobleman's gown at Oxford, or deprecates the admission of the general public to Constitution Hill.

It is true that Mr. Gladstone has sometimes been forced by conviction or fate or political necessity to be a revolutionist on a large scale; to destroy an Established Church; to add two millions of voters to the electorate; to attack the Parliamentary Union of the Kingdoms. But, after all, these changes were, in their inception, distasteful to their author. He has allowed us to see the steps by which he arrived at the belief that they were necessary, and, with admirable candour, has shown us that he started with quite opposite prepossessions. His mind is singularly receptive, and his whole life has been spent in unlearning the prejudices in which he was educated. His love of freedom has steadily developed, and he has applied its principles more and more courageously to the problems of Government. But it makes some difference to the future of a democratic State whether its leading men are eagerly on the look-out for something to revolutionise, or approach a constitutional change by the gradual processes of conviction and conversion. It is this consideration which makes Mr. Gladstone's life and continued ascendency in the Liberal party so important to the country. In spite of all his aberrations, he is a restraining and conservative force. And those who know him best, as they peer into the future, feel something of that misgiving which filled the air in Queen Elizabeth's latter days, when "All men pointed to the Queen's white hairs and said, When that snow melteth there will be a flood."

Mr. Gladstone's religiousness, his love of power, his conservative bias, are aspects of his character which have often been the ground of debate and dispute. There cannot be two opinions about his love of beauty. It is a many-sided and far-reaching enthusiasm. Beauty in nature, in art, in literature, appeals to him with irresistible force. For what is merely rare, or curious, or costly, he does not care a rap; but he kindles with contagious enthusiasm over a fine picture, a striking statue, a delicate piece of artistic workmanship. Good music stirs him to his depths. In literature he exacts beauty both of form and of substance. No mere skill in character-painting, or subtlety of analysis, or creative force will win his praise for a writer who, like George Eliot, is powerful rather than beautiful, or dwells, however skilfully, on the repulsive aspects of life and character. This passionate love of beauty, and this impatience of

what is merely clever, combined with his essentially literary and rhetorical temperament, make him regard Science with feelings not of mere indifference but of absolute dislike. An eminent physician who saw the scene declares that no child unexpectedly let off a lesson ever exhibited keener joy than Mr. Gladstone when, having been persuaded to pay a visit to Greenwich Observatory, in order to witness an eclipse, he learned at the last moment that the night was too cloudy for the proposed entertainment. No human being ever seemed more acutely bored than the great Liberal leader when an enthusiastic disciple led him through the University workshops at Cambridge, and tried to kindle his interest in wheels and circular saws. In office, his dislike of Science has been an actual source of public mischief, and the patience of his friends has often been exhausted in the endeavour to make him concern himself with the laws of nature as applied to the public health, and with those sanitary problems on which so much of our national well-being depends.

In Mr. Gladstone's character several seemingly inconsistent qualities are combined; and it is curious to note, in a temperament so highly emotional, imaginative, and even theatrical, a strong cross-current of business-like instinct. Those who speculate in matters of race and pedigree might be inclined to suggest that Mr. Gladstone owes the ideal elements of his nature to his mother's Celtic ancestors, and the practical elements to those shrewd Burghers of Leith and farmers of Lanarkshire from whom, through his father, he descends. But, however this may be, Mr. Gladstone's taste for commercial enterprise is as clearly marked a feature of his character as his rhetorical fervour or his dialectical subtlety.

One of his colleagues said of him, not long ago: "The only two things Gladstone really cares for are the Church and finance." And though, when we regard Mr. Gladstone's present passion for Home Rule, this seems rather paradoxical, still it has a certain element of truth. The Church and finance are the only two departments of public affairs which have interested him keenly and constantly from his earliest days till now, and with regard to which his whole course has been more or less consistent. It was in the realm of finance that his most remarkable achievements were won.

He was the first Chancellor of the Exchequer who ever made the Budget romantic. He believes with fanatical earnestness in Free Trade as the gospel of social salvation. He revels in figures; and every detail of price and value, of production and distribution, of money and money's worth, and every form of inquiry and speculation which tends to illustrate these subjects, exercises a resistless fascination over his mind. The same spirit is visible in his love of a bargain. The current myths which represent him as buying twelve hats or three dozen flannel shirts at a time have their origin in his worship of cheapness, which prompts him to buy what he does not at the moment want, because it strikes the commercial side of his imagination as an economic marvel of production.

In all that has been said so far of Mr. Gladstone's character we presuppose, as an underlying quality, his intense earnestness. All his opinions are beliefs; all his feelings passions. It is impossible for him to take anything lightly; and to whatever he addresses himself, whether in the way of speculation or of action, he throws himself into it with all the intenseness of a singularly intense nature. One of the natural consequences of this temperament is a deficiency of moral perspective. In Mr. Gladstone's view the most trifling incidents assume the most gigantic proportions by reason of their relation to some transient controversy in which he happens to be interested. Hence the extraordinary pains which he bestows on trivial studies, worthy only to rank with Mr. Casaubon's lucubrations on Cush and Misraim; and hence also the amazing exaggerations in reference both to current politics and to historical controversies, with which from time to time he dismays his friends and delights his foes.

Such being the intense and hyperbolical tone of Mr. Gladstone's mind, one is prepared to find him deficient in humour. It is true that, in order to qualify for admission to the innermost circle of the Gladstonian mysteries, the neophyte is bound to believe that the object of worship is as humorous as he is eloquent, and as witty as he is wise. The present writer has heard a Scottish hierophant of the cult demonstrate by a series of syllogisms that Mr. Gladstone the humorist is as remarkable a figure as Mr. Gladstone the financier or Mr. Gladstone the orator. But, in spite

of logic and loyalty, the candid observer is constrained to admit that Mr. Gladstone's sense of humour is singularly blunt, and that there was much truth in the old saying that "Gladstone's jokes are no laughing matter."

The solemn habit of his mind is certainly allied with a strong, if not a bad, temper. And there are few finer or more serviceable qualities than a strong temper kept sternly under control. Such is the case with Mr. Gladstone; and, while it is easy to discern the passionate and impetuous nature as it works within, it is impossible not to admire the vigorous self-mastery by which it is turned from harmful into useful channels. He has a grand capacity for generous indignation, and is easily quickened into righteous wrath by the sight of tyranny, injustice, or oppression. In personal dealings he is no doubt quickly roused; but is placable, reasonable, and always willing to hear excuses or defence. And when the course of life is flowing smoothly, and nothing happens to disturb the stream, Mr. Gladstone is delightful company. He has a keen faculty for enjoyment, great appreciation of civility and attention, and a nature completely unspoilt by success and prominence and praise. Considering how large a share of these delicious but indigestible delicacies Mr. Gladstone has been forced to swallow, his ready appetite for them is not a little remarkable. It is like a schoolboy's taste for sweets, or that love of Mrs. Prig's for pickled salmon, on which, when her friend was irritated, Mrs. Gamp relied to "work a softening change." In the unregenerate days of the Irish Parliamentary party this little weakness of the Liberal leader was not seldom exploited in the interests of disorder. When the long storm of "dilatory declamation," forced invective, and stilted sarcasm had rolled ineffectually over the Premier's devoted head, the word was sometimes passed round the Irish benches: "Let's go in for flattering the Grand Old Man"—and this judicious change of tactics rarely failed to produce the desired effect.

A most engaging quality of Mr. Gladstone's character is his courtesy. It is invariable and universal. He has the ceremonious manners of the old school, and alike to young and old, men and women, he pays the compliment of assuming that they are on his own intellectual level and furnished with at least as much

information as will enable them to follow and to understand him. Indeed his manner towards his intellectual inferiors is almost ludicrously humble. He consults, defers, inquires; argues his point where he would be fully justified in laying down the law, and eagerly seeks information from the mouths of babes and sucklings. Still, after all, Mr. Gladstone is frankly human, and it is part of human nature to prefer acquiescence to contradiction, and to rate more highly than they deserve the characters and attainments of even tenth-rate people who agree with one. Hence it arises that all Mr. Gladstone's geese are swans. He shows what Bishop Wilberforce called "a want of sharp clear-sightedness as to others," and he is consequently exposed to the arts of scheming mediocrities, on whose interested opinions he is apt to place a fatally implicit reliance.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that in order to form the highest and the truest estimate of Mr. Gladstone's character it is necessary to see him at home. There are some people who appear to the best advantage on the distant heights, elevated by intellectual eminence above the range of scrutiny, or shrouded from too close observation by the misty glamour of great station and great affairs. Others are seen at their best in the middle distance of official intercourse and in the friendly but not intimate relations of professional and public life. But the noblest natures are those which are seen to the greatest advantage in the close communion of the home, and here Mr. Gladstone is pre-eminently attractive. His extraordinary vigour and youthfulness of mind and body, his unbroken health and buoyant spirits, form an atmosphere of infectious vitality. He delights in hospitality, and, to quote a phrase of Sydney Smith's, "receives his friends with that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine." The dignity, the order, the simplicity, and, above all, the fervent and manly piety of his daily life form a spectacle far more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform. He is the idol of those who are most closely associated with him, whether by the ties of blood, of friendship, or of duty; and perhaps it is his highest praise to say that he is not unworthy of the devotion which he inspires.

THE FIRST GENERAL ELECTION IN JAPAN.

THE First of July will be a day for ever memorable in the annals of Japan. Representative Government will, for the first time be essayed by an Oriental nation; the first general election will take place, and on November 1st the Parliament will open. In 1881 the Emperor of Japan promised the Japanese people that at the end of eight years he would promulgate a Constitution. He did so on February 1st, 1889, and it takes effect in 1890. Under its provisions elections are to be held for certain members of the House of Nobles, and all the members of the House of Representatives. The Emperor, in constituting the House of Nobles, has taken the precaution to reserve to himself the selection of a certain proportion of its members, but the lower House will be altogether composed of representatives of the tax-paying population. Naturally, at the commencement of her career as a self-governing power, Japan offers an unusually interesting field to the student of history. The fact which at once attracts attention is the energetic manner in which the Japanese have entered upon political life. The people are thoroughly in earnest, and think of nothing but their new duties and responsibilities. Meetings are held in the various provinces almost nightly. The Exhibition at Tokio and the Spring Manœuvres of the army and navy at Osaka did not suffice to distract the attention of the subjects of the Mikado from politics. Indeed, very lately Count Yamagata, in his address to the local governors and prefects assembled in Tokio, told them that they should strive to recall public attention from political topics and political associations to objects directly connected with material prosperity.

Japan is now beset by a host of parties professing principles and representing interests of various kinds, personal, local, social, and

what not. Hobbies and fads are preached with increasing vigour. Altogether there are a score or more of political parties. The most trivial differences of opinion or local interests suffice now to separate men who will probably be found in the same camp by-and-bye. Of these different parties, it is safe to say, all but three or four will die in travail. The small sections and divisions will consolidate around these, and the four parties which will virtually constitute the Japanese Parliament will be the Conservatives (Hoshu-to), the Conservative Radicals (Daido Danketsu), the Moderates (Kaishin-to), and the Radicals (Jiyu-to).

But before proceeding to narrate the origin and objects of these political divisions, it may be interesting to describe the manner in which the election is to be conducted. It will be on the plan generally known as the Australian system. The qualifications for electors are that they must be Japanese subjects, and have attained the full age of twenty-five years before the day of voting ; also, that they must have fixed their permanent residence in the city or prefecture, and actually have resided there for not less than one year previous to the date of drawing up the electoral list. The qualification is high: an elector must have property in land, or an income accruing from other sources, so large as to involve the payment of direct national taxes to the extent of 15 yen (about £3) yearly. It is plain, therefore, that the suffrage will be enjoyed by a limited number only. Great precautions are taken to ensure order at the polls. In the first place, admission to the voting booth will only be permitted to holders of entrance tickets. On these, which are to be distributed at least five days before the time of voting, the name of the elector and his number on the list will be inscribed, and the tickets must be handed to the doorkeeper at the moment of admission. Further, it is provided that, should the place be inconveniently crowded, the electors may be required to accept tickets regulating the order in which they are to vote. Then comes the operation of voting. About this there is no secrecy. Each elector, after having gained admittance to the booth, gives his name to the presiding official, the head man of the district, with whom are associated not less than two and not more than five witnesses, nominated by the head man three days previously. The head man, having compared the name with the electoral

list, hands a voting paper to the elector, who is required to inscribe thereon the name of the person he votes for, together with his own name and residence, and to affix his stamp. The voting paper is then placed in the ballot-box, a receptacle having two lids, each fitted with a different key, one key being in the custody of the head man, the other in that of the witness. The polling being over, the ballot-box is shut, and on the next day is forwarded, in charge of one or more witnesses, to the district office of the place of voting. There it is opened by the chairman of election, with whom is associated a committee of not less than three or more than seven persons chosen from among the witnesses assembled from the different voting places. The chairmen, like the superintending officers at the various voting booths, are local officials—men who owe their positions to the votes of the people themselves under the regular system of local government. Not until the names of the persons returned are communicated by the chairman to the governor or prefect do the officials of the central Government begin to have any connection with the election.

The leading political party, the most influential, the best organised, and perhaps the strongest in intellectual capacity, is the Kaishin-to, or Moderate. It was formed in 1882. In the previous year Tokio swarmed with deputations which had repaired thither to memorialise the authorities for an early fulfilment of the solemn promise made by the Emperor in 1868, and repeated in 1874 and 1875. The result of this agitation was the issue, on November 12th, of an Imperial rescript proclaiming the establishment of a National Assembly in 1890. On the same day, Count Okuma, Minister of Finance, resigned his portfolio. He had offended his colleagues by presenting a memorial to the First Minister of State advocating the convention of a Parliament in 1883. His resignation was followed by that of many other officials of the Government. These men, with a number of followers, organised a party which they called Rikken Kaishin-to, or Constitutional Progressionists. Count Okuma was chosen leader, and the principles of the party were declared to be as follow: The maintenance of the dignity and prosperity of the Imperial House; the reform of domestic administration and the assertion of national rights; the discon-

tinuance of the policy of centralisation and official interference, and the establishment of local self-government ; the extension of the franchise in proportion to social progress ; the restriction of political relations and the cultivation of commercial intercourse with foreign countries as much as possible ; and the establishment of the currency on a hard-money basis. These political principles attracted numerous adherents, and the party grew in power. But a period of political inanition intervened, and the number of followers dwindled. Organisation, however, was maintained, and although Count Okuma withdrew from the leadership and the party, this step was regarded as a mere formality, and he continues to be looked upon as its standard-bearer. Last year the Kaishin-to made a vigorous campaign, but it met with a severe defeat on the question of treaty revision. Its vitality, however, was shown by the rapid and surprising manner in which it has again gone to work and reorganised its ranks, and with such success as to excite the admiration even of political opponents. Notwithstanding its loss of prestige from its defeat on the treaty revision, the general impression is that the party will be largely represented in the coming Parliament, and that it is destined to play, for some time, an important part in Japanese politics.

In 1888 there was great popular discontent against the Government. The Radical party was apparently without vitality, as its leader, Count Itagaki, had retired, like Achilles, in dudgeon to his tent. At this juncture, Count Goto, a friend of the Radical chief, and a man who was somewhat of an Ishmael in politics, began a vigorous political campaign. His motto was " Daido-sho-i " (" United on great questions, differing on small "). The political shibboleth was happily conceived and attractive. Count Goto posed as the champion of the masses against the monopoly of class government. The Radicals flocked to him, and the people generally crowded under his banner. Never did a party grow so rapidly in power. Contingents from the various political camps gave in their adhesion to the new organisation. The Daido Danketsu became at once a large political faction. Their English equivalent is Conservative Radicals. But this body was an ill-assorted one, without homogeneity. Its ranks were filled with

politicians of different views and objects. Surprising as was the growth of the Daido Danketsu, its decline was equally rapid and surprising. It had in its own party the elements of disintegration, and when its chief, after the promulgation of the Constitution, entered the very Government against which he had so sonorously declaimed, decay became inevitable. The heterogeneous body fell to pieces.

The Radical party in Japan may be said to consist of the Jiyu-to (Radical) and the Aikoku-koto (Patriotic party). The first-named organisation is divided into two distinct factions, but these, it is expected, will ultimately unite, and then join the Aikoku-koto, under the banner of Count Itagaki, as the three bodies are remnants of the old Jiyu-to, or Radical party, and practically have the same political objects in view. Hence their union is looked upon as being a mere matter of time. While the formal organisation of the Jiyu-to did not occur until 1881, its origin dates back to 1874. In that year agitation for the immediate establishment of a representative Parliament was rife, and a numerously-signed memorial was presented to the Government. To quiet the popular mind, the Emperor, in a rescript issued in May, renewed his promise that a constitutional form of government should be adopted.

Previous to the publication of the rescript, Count Itagaki had organised a political association, known as the Risshi-Sha, or party of men with a purpose. Subsequently, towards the end of the year, the scope of the organisation was enlarged, resulting in the formation of a new party under the name of the Aikoku-Sha, or Patriotic party. Personal liberty and popular rights were its watchwords. This body formed the nucleus of the now powerful Jiyu-to. But the new party, for various reasons, languished, and finally sank into oblivion, when, in 1879, Count Itagaki again revived it. The vigorous politician entered on a campaign in favour of popular representation, and his views rapidly won the approval of the people. So actively was the agitation continued, and so influential did the political organisation become, that in 1881 an Imperial rescript granted constitutional government in 1890. It was then decided to form a party on a definite basis, and the Jiyu-to, or Radical party, came into formal existence. Its leading principles were: First, the

extension of liberty and the assertion of political rights, the promotion of the good of the greatest number, and the inauguration of social reforms; secondly, the establishment of a constitutional form of government; and thirdly, the union of all fellow thinkers all over Japan. As the popular excitement began to be allayed, and men's attention became distracted from politics, the Jiyu-to began to decline, and its dissolution eventually followed in 1884. Although nominally without organisation, the members of the party managed to preserve a certain individuality, and on occasions, when great and important questions presented themselves, their influence was felt. After the entry of Count Goto, the Daido Danketsu chief, into the Cabinet, an attempt was made to revive the old party. At the end of last year Count Itagaki emerged from the political retirement in which he had been living, and resumed activity. His political influence, however, was not strong enough to reunite all his old followers, who were split up into factions on account of personal differences and rivalries. In the end the group called the Hiseisha-ha formed a separate organisation, assuming the old title of Jiyu-to, but this body was soon divided into two sections. Count Itagaki had meanwhile organised the association of the Aikoku-koto, or Patriotic party, but the fusion of these three political divisions into one is regarded as inevitable.

While there is a party called the Hoshu-Chinsei-ha, or Independent Conservative, which aims at representing the Conservative sentiment in Japanese politics, it is in reality a small body, possessing very little influence, and it cannot fairly be said to be an exponent of the Conservative opinion of the nation. But there is a powerful association called by the public Kokusai Hoshu-to, which, although not organised on strictly party lines, will prove a most important factor. The English equivalent of the name is New Conservatives, or National Eclectic Conservatives; or to be better and briefer, Nationalists. This movement has been fostered and encouraged by Suguvia Jukio, formerly a responsible official in the Educational Department, and while no special platform has been set up, and no pledges given, its followers are greatly increasing in numbers. Its stronghold is Tokio, but the views of the association have been widely

accepted in the provinces, and its power is daily becoming greater. The Hoshu-to owed their origin to the reaction against the sweeping introduction of Western institutions, both social and political. They believe in preserving the national individuality amidst the new civilisation, and they assert that this principle has been too little respected by the eager reformers, whose zeal to introduce Occidental institutions and customs caused them to lose sight of the evils of self-effacement. The leaders of this party are not bigoted in their dislike of everything foreign. In fact most of them have been educated in the modern school, and are as well versed as any of their countrymen in the learning of the Occident. To preserve and develop everything essentially national in the life of Japan is their chief object. Hence their name of Nationalists. In 1887, when the pro-Western tendency was at its height, this nationalistic movement first began to manifest itself, and from that period its growth has been steady and continuous.

When the Japanese Parliament assembles it will probably be found that the numerous parties, factions, sections, and sub-divisions will constitute three large groups, namely, the Jiyu-to, or Radicals; the Kaishin-to, or Moderates; and the Hoshu-to, or Conservatives; and the impression of those best versed in Japanese politics is that, for some time at any rate, the Conservatives and Moderates will be the preponderating power, and will exercise most influence.

Until very recently no official programme was put forth by any of the parties, but the Kaishin-to, or Moderates, recognising the necessity for some such course, appointed a committee to draw one up. The Radicals followed the example, and thus these two associations have now well-defined aims. The programme of the Moderates comprises sixteen subjects, and is as follows :—

1. Improvement of financial administration.
2. Curtailment of public expenses.
3. Reduction of the Land-tax.
4. Cabinet by party.
5. Treaty revision.
6. Reform of the military service.
7. Reform of the navy.
8. Reform of the educational system.
9. Reform of the local government system.

10. Extension of the franchise and of electoral districts.
11. Amendment of the manner of executing the laws.
12. Freedom of speech and public meeting.
13. Abrogation of the Peace Preservation Regulations.
14. Reform of the laws of taxation.
15. Establishment of the right of impeachment.
16. Encouragement of private enterprise to the exclusion of official interference.

The Radical programme embraces no less than thirty-two subjects. The two platforms have many planks that are identical, and thus the Jiyu-to and Kaishin-to have several common political purposes. The Radicals in their zeal, however, go far beyond the Moderates. Indeed, it seems as if the Jiyu-to would have to moderate its eagerness, for the authorities have already pronounced the last eight items of its programme illegal, and they must be struck from the list. Here is the Radical platform :—

1. Establishment of a really responsible Cabinet.
2. Creation of an administrative court, with authority to inflict penalties on officials by whose errors the public interests have suffered.
3. Conclusion of treaties on equal terms with foreign States.
4. Introduction of the system of trial by jury.
5. Reform of the educational system and extension of education,
6. Abolition of the retired list for officials.
7. Diminution of public expenditure, and a large reduction in the number of officials.
8. Assessment of all direct taxes on a basis of profit.
9. Reduction of the Land-tax.
10. Revision of the Income-tax on an ascending scale.
11. Reform of the Public Property Regulations and greater strictness in the administration.
12. Eligibility of election for all who pay the direct national taxes.
13. The franchise to be conferred upon all who pay direct national taxes to the amount of 5 yen (about £1) or upwards.
14. Lowering of the age for electors and elected to twenty-five years.
15. Revision of electoral districts.
16. Abolition of all official protection of domestic industries and commerce.
17. Cities and prefectures to be placed on a firmer administrative basis, and reform of the system of local assemblies.
18. Reform of the system of registration.
19. Application of a portion of the public property to purposes of local autonomy.

20. Extension of the freedom of speech and public meeting.
21. Reform of the system of paying Land-tax.
22. Imposition of a tax on the revenues of the nobility.
23. Reform of the Bank-tax system.
24. Abolition of the Peace Preservation Regulations.
25. Amendment of the regulations relating to the nobility.
26. Repeal of the system of creating new nobles.
27. Reform of the military system, and shortening of the period of active service in the standing army.
28. Institution of the Parliamentary right of impeachment.
29. Public election of governors, prefects, and head men of districts.
30. Abolition of the law of entail in respect of nobles' property.
31. Abolition of the police bureau, and of the carrying of swords by policemen.
32. The posts of Privy Councillor and Court Councillor to be made honorary.

Three great questions will confront the Imperial Parliament when it assembles. Foremost is the revision of treaties. Seventeen different Powers now have extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan, and her right to make a special treaty with any foreign Power, by which she can secure privileges for herself in consideration of specially delegated concessions, is practically denied her under cover of the "Favoured Nation" clause. The next question is that of taxation. At present the levy is high, and in some places oppressive, especially on land. The third question is that of social reform, especially as to the judiciary. Too much, however, must not be expected of Japan immediately. But her new departure, and her experiment in constitutional government, will be attentively regarded by European nations, and especially by England.

H. M. MOORE.

THE ETHICS OF FIRE INSURANCE.

MANY persons with a large and almost complete knowledge of affairs are yet under a strange misapprehension on one subject—that of fire insurance. They appear to suppose that there is a certain something of that name which, under previously-arranged conditions, can relieve them of all the losses caused by fire. They pay their premiums, and when they suffer loss are reimbursed; but somehow they look on the insurance company as a mysterious organisation or embodiment wholly distinct from themselves, and beneficent or hostile according as they have or have not fires on their premises. This view, which represents only a small portion of the whole transaction, is strangely prevalent, in fact so common that it may almost be said to be universal, certainly among private persons, and to a very large extent among members of the commercial community. It never seems to occur to them that the whole arrangement is nothing more or less than a general co-operative compact for mutual aid; and that the so-called fire insurance company is not in any real sense a company for insuring them against fires or against losses by fire, but simply the medium through which the operation of mutual aid is carried out; and that, of course, the medium has to be remunerated for its work.

To make the matter clear, let us apply the existing arrangements not to a whole community, but to a single individual, and observe how they would work out. The individual, being prudent, would set aside every year a sum calculated to cover his possible losses by fire, and in the course of time this would accumulate, and he would find himself in the possession of his stock-in-trade or other property and also this accumulated fund. A fire would occur,

and he would replace his destroyed property out of the fund ; but, naturally, he would be poorer by the exact amount taken to reinstate his burned goods, the pecuniary operation being in fact the mere transfer of coin from one pocket to another, and the property lately his being represented only by a heap of ashes. The operation, when applied in this bald manner to an individual or a family, is so obvious that it is quite outside the region of discussion ; but when spread over a whole community, and carried on by means of agents, such as insurance companies, it is frequently a subject of violent and prolonged controversy, even, as already stated, on the part of persons with undoubted knowledge and experience of commercial business. The magnitude of the operations seems to induce some glamour or sense of mystery, and the actual principle which governs the proceeding becomes so overladen with imaginary conditions and unreal attributes that its simplicity is altogether lost to view. The case, however, is precisely the same in principle, whether applied to an individual, a family, a community, or, as in actual practice, an aggregation of communities. In short, when a fire occurs, the world is poorer by an amount which represents the difference in value between the original goods and the heap of ashes; and no transfer of coin from one pocket to another, or of entries from one account to another, can alter or in any way mitigate this stubborn fact. This is the very alphabet of the whole subject, and it should be carefully mastered by all who desire to achieve a satisfactory understanding of it.

Such being the case, it would appear to be for the general interest to reduce material losses by fire in all reasonable ways, the most obvious of which would be by careful and thoughtful building ; by classification of the contents of buildings in accordance with their nature and the several risks attaching to them ; by methodical watching and inspection in the case of exceptionally valuable property ; and by having means of extinguishing fire always ready within a reasonable time.

In an article of this kind it might be out of place to go into any such complete details concerning these points as may be found in my book, *Fire Surveys ; or, A Summary of the Principles to be Observed in Estimating the Risk of Buildings ;* but the general idea

may be conveyed in an abbreviated form, and those who require fuller information may seek it in the pages of the technical work referred to.

Careful and thoughtful building consists of a combination of a good design, a safe site, a sound foundation, a moderate area, a limited height, a suitable shape, a cubical capacity in accordance with general circumstances; properly constructed walls, roofs adapted to the other parts of the structure, well-placed internal divisions; chimneys sufficiently thick and high to carry the products of combustion over the top, and each separate from every other, from the hearth to the outlet; staircases and stairs suitable in materials, position, and general arrangement to the requirements of the place; floors adapted to the weights to be carried, and the uses for which they are destined; and attention to the number and size of the separate "risks." All these are material points of fire insurance in its true sense.

The next point in connection with real fire insurance is a proper classification of the contents of buildings, necessitating a practical knowledge of the nature and properties of the several articles—a matter of little consequence in ordinary private houses, but of vital importance in warehouses and all other buildings in which miscellaneous stocks of merchandise are deposited.

Under the head of classification are included not only the separation of the several substances into their proper classes, but also their relative positions with regard to each other. The most inflammable should be placed in the upper parts of a building, the less inflammable lower down, and the least inflammable at the bottom, this being in fact the converse of the arrangements ordinarily adopted for lighting a fire, when the shavings or papers are placed at the lowest point, the dry wood next above, and the coal on the top.

Under the same head of classification, however strange it may appear, come also the arrangements for ventilation, as it is found with many stocks, especially those comprising inflammable or explosive liquids, that unless there is a free passage of air there is always a liability to an accumulation of vapour likely to cause danger; and any classification which even partially interferes with

ventilation in such cases may lead to most disastrous consequences.

The difficulties in this way are no doubt often very serious, especially in crowded cities, or when business has to be done at high pressure, as in times of great commercial prosperity (which fortunately occur, as indeed the converse also occurs, at periodical intervals); but it is just in the knowledge or ignorance concerning these points of vital importance that the true test can be discerned of those who really understand their business and those who do not.

Of course some allowance may be made for persons who, having gigantic permanent dealings of a safe character with well-known and highly-placed firms, find themselves suddenly and unexpectedly called on by their valued clients to receive goods of a dangerous kind; but it is no secret that such cases occur not only frequently, but with a sort of periodical regularity, and that those who can keep their heads, and have the small gift of commercial diplomacy, invariably, or almost invariably, contrive to avoid the danger without losing the favour of their customers.

But the important point is that the true facts should be made known to all concerned; and it is impossible to believe that owners of warehouses, wharves, and other premises, which take in huge consignments of property from many countries and thousands of firms, in every case send word to each individual customer that they propose to take in a large quantity of inflammable or otherwise dangerous stock.

Considering the matter from the ethical point of view it appears to be certain that the reception of dangerous goods without the consent of all the depositors is a dishonest act: but then comes the question of making allowance, as already mentioned, for commercial exigencies; and seeing that the thing is frequently, not to say constantly, done, it must be supposed that all those principally concerned are acquainted with the practice, and either have no objection to it, or believe that personally they are protected from its consequences, as they probably are, by their so-called fire insurance.

But however this may be, there can be no doubt at all that the

world at large is certainly the poorer for every classification of property which results in loss by fire; and therefore from the ethical point of view a sound classification is a distinct branch of fire insurance in the true sense of the expression.

It is to be observed also that the classification of trades is in its way as important as classification of stock, and that all trades which are likely to cause injury to each other should be kept as far apart as convenient.

Every fireman of large experience can cite cases in which a neglect of this obvious precaution has led to disaster; but the most notable instance within the memory of men now living is the event which occurred in Antwerp last autumn, when a man was allowed to bring fifty million cartridges into the immediate vicinity of vast petroleum stores; and not only this, but to manipulate them there, separating the powder from the copper and lead, and within the same building melting these two metals in foundries only a few feet away from the gunpowder.

The man who brought the cartridges into this dangerous locality has been punished by the loss of his property, a heavy fine, and long imprisonment; but among those who rightly and rigidly estimate the serious nature of responsibility on the part of public functionaries there remains a grave doubt whether the licensing authorities, who permitted the carrying on of such work in such a place, were not guilty of criminal negligence or recklessness far beyond that of the man who is now in prison.

In this case a proper classification of trades would have been the means of saving a vast amount of life and property, and, as already mentioned, would have been a step in the direction of real fire insurance, as distinguished from the mutual aid arrangements commonly known by that name.

By great care and constant thoughtfulness fires may be prevented altogether; but in a busy community it is too much to expect the perpetual exercise of precautionary action, and it may be taken for granted that under almost all circumstances the occurrence of fires is constantly possible, and, where large numbers of persons and large quantities of property are massed together, that their occurrence is inevitable. Such has been the general experience hitherto, and there

appears to be no reason to anticipate any change except, perhaps, for the worse, as many of our modern improvements have either aggravated dangers previously existing, or introduced wholly new forms of risk. Indeed, it may be frankly admitted that life would not be worth living if one's principal occupation were to consist in taking perpetual precautions against any one danger, however imminent; and it may be laid down as an axiom, that under all ordinary circumstances the occasional occurrence of fires is inevitable.

It being thus made clear that fires must happen, and that the reimbursement is purely imaginary, being in fact only a payment made by ourselves to ourselves, we may proceed to consider what the interests of our time demand in the way of insurance from fire in its real sense.

Dwelling-houses form by far the largest proportion of buildings, and with regard to these no great change is required. With sound building and ordinary care the risk is never very great, as may be seen by the fact that private houses are insured at the annual rate of 1s. 6d. for £100, which, being interpreted, means that the insurance companies believe that a private house generally lasts 1,333 years without being burned; or, in other words, that out of every 1,333 houses one is burned in each year. In all probability they allow a few more years, as, of course, they must have a profit for their labour, and the accumulated compound interest may hardly be enough; but, taking the time at only 1,333 years, it will be seen that any heavy expenditure for extinguishing fires in private houses would constitute a commercial or financial imprudence, and that, so far as mere economy is concerned, it would be cheaper to allow an isolated private house to burn than to keep up an expensive staff for 1,333 years to extinguish it when on fire. This may prove strange reading for some people; but in dealing with ethics it is necessary to be practical and logical.

As to massed houses within the risk of each other, and massed property, the case is different; and it is found that, even with sound building and intelligent classification of goods, it is not only commercially prudent, but absolutely essential, to keep up a protective force in proportion to the interests at stake. It is on this point that the most remarkable instances of sound forethought or amazing

imprudence are most frequently to be observed. It must be perfectly apparent to every one who takes the trouble to think that each community, however large, however small, in every case and under all imaginable circumstances, pays for its own losses. The intervention of an insurance company has nothing to do with the matter, as no company would willingly do business at a loss, and, if in any particular place the income from premiums does not exceed the outlay for losses, the account is closed.

So far as the principle is concerned, there is no reason why every community should not make its own arrangements for prevention, protection, and mutual aid without any reference to outsiders or to agents; but the collection of premiums would be troublesome, and would almost certainly involve the appointment of special persons to carry it out, and this item of the threefold operation has consequently been taken up by commercial companies, which under certain conditions stipulate to reimburse sufferers by fire for any losses they incur, of course repaying them out of their own money. Thus it will be seen that the only real insurance against fire is in the preventive and protective measures adopted, and that the mutual aid portion of the transaction is carried out by persons who have made it a speciality and consequently do it well, but who are called by a wrong name. They give for a proper consideration a bond of idemnity for losses by fire to persons who are prudent enough to deal with them; but they do not in any way insure them against fire, or even against losses by fire, inasmuch as the money is the property of the persons who have paid the premiums, and remains in the hands of the so-called fire insurance companies for this very reason up to the expiration of the time specified in the agreement.

To give an illustration. Let us suppose a fleet of a dozen vessels traversing a dangerous ocean, and agreeing beforehand to stand by each other in case of need. One of the vessels founders, but the others have kept their agreement and the crew of the foundered vessel is saved. Here is a case of co-operation or mutual aid successfully carried out; but one vessel has been lost, and the fleet, and for that matter the world at large, is poorer by the loss. The vessels were in the position of a so-called insurance company,

and were faithful to their agreement; but they only succeeded in making the best of a bad business, and could not prevent the material loss.

It would probably tend to a better understanding of the subject if the so-called fire insurance companies would change their name. They might be called "Societies for mutual aid in the event of losses by fire," or "Clubs for mutual indemnity in case of fire," either of which long and inconvenient titles would at least properly describe them; but, so long as they retain their present name, it is certain they will always be a subject of controversy in a matter with which they openly profess that they have nothing to do. It is no secret that some of the most powerful insurance companies in the world were originally nothing more or less than clubs or associations formed by prudent men for mutual aid in connection with special trades; as for instance, sugar-refiners, wharfingers, warehousemen, and others; and that by degrees they enlarged their sphere of action, taking outside business more and more as their experience increased, but always careful to keep the premiums low on their own special trades, and also to retain the reimbursement for losses in their own hands.

In connection with public buildings and public property generally, it is a common saying that "the nation does not insure against fire," which is intended to convey that, the consequences of a loss being spread over the whole community, there would be no object in entering into an agreement for indemnity with agents who would only represent a portion of the community, and would have to be paid for their intervention; but, looked at in the light of the explanations here given, it may be said with much greater accuracy that it is the nation only that does invariably insure against fire in the strict and literal sense of the words. In London alone heavy expenditure is incurred, and I may add wisely incurred, for the protection of public buildings, such as the Houses of Parliament, the Post Office, the Rolls Office, the Custom House, and many others, including the British Museum and the Natural History Museum, which two last mentioned are under my own personal charge, and, as far as I am aware, are the best protected buildings in the world; at least, if they are not so, the fault must certainly lie with me, as

the governing authorities have never rejected any reasonable demand which I have made on them. Now this is a real insurance against fire; that is to say, an effort is made to prevent a fire occurring, and to put a stop to it after it has occurred.

The work of so-called fire insurance companies is, in its own way, very important; in fact one of the most important in a community; only it is not an insurance either against fires or against losses by fire. Fires do occur, and losses by fire do occur, and the companies do not even profess to stop either of these events. Their work is of a wholly different kind. What is commonly known as fire insurance is a system by which the savings of the prudent are accumulated so that they may become useful to individuals in the hour of need, and the duty of insurance companies consists not only in an accumulation of the savings, but also in the use of the practical knowledge and experience gained in the transaction of their business, which enables them to advise and warn the public concerning all articles or practices likely to occasion loss of capital. In this way the insurance companies have become the preservers of capital; and the moneys which they receive in the shape of premiums assume the character of trust funds. There is an implied understanding between the stockholders of an insurance company and the insuring public that the stockholders will set aside from their private wealth and jeopardize a certain amount of money, for which venture they are to receive an appropriate consideration in the shape of prospective dividends dependent upon their skill in conducting the business. They collect from the public an equitable sum of money based upon the character of the risks assumed, and this is intended not to prevent or extinguish fires, but to pay fully all losses arising to insured individuals, to provide for the proper and moderate expenses of transacting the business, and to leave a margin in the shape of a reasonable dividend on the capital stock jeopardized by the undertaking.

The duty of the companies is to honestly hold and equitably disburse the funds entrusted to their keeping. The premium money never changes its ownership any more than the money deposited in a savings bank changes its ownership. It belongs to the public, is deposited by the public and is eventually paid or

accounted for to the public. Companies are quite as culpable when they charge too little for insurance, and so impair their trustworthiness and solvency, as when they charge too much and make unjust exactions from their patrons; and they would be most imprudent and unbusinesslike if they did not set aside a surplus to provide for the extraordinary conflagrations which return with such regularity as to prove their position as an important factor in the general aggregate of loss.

How the companies discharge their trust is hardly a subject for the present article; but the magnitude of their operations is such as to excite amazement. Only some 224 years have elapsed since the first so-called fire insurance company—I believe the Hand in Hand—came into existence, after the Great Fire of London, and now there are scores of these companies in England, and thousands in the Colonies and America, doing a vast business, and constituting a most important element of commercial life. This beneficent agency has enabled private individuals and companies with moderate capital to carry on operations which would otherwise be altogether impossible, and it has expanded and extended itself until it has become an integral portion of the financial transactions of the whole world, and made itself indispensable to all who have great work to do. But its name is not correct, as it certainly does not either do or attempt to do anything in the way of preventing or extinguishing fires; on the contrary, all its work is in a wholly different direction.

According to a most able and interesting paper read by Mr. Giffen at the Royal Statistical Society, the wealth of this country is estimated by that distinguished financial authority as £11,500,000,000; and Sir John Lubbock states that a sum of £7,618,766,000 was paid into the London Clearing House during the year 1889. How far these sums represent the value of property liable to be consumed by fire it is difficult to say; but a consideration of the authoritative statements made by such men as those named must show beyond doubt that this country contains an amount of material wealth unparalleled in history; and common-sense indicates that it is a national duty to preserve it as far as possible from diminution or annihilation.

EYRE M. SHAW.

THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG.

Helenam vero immortalem fuisse indicat tempus.—Servius. Æneid II., 501.

BOOK II.

Chapter I.

THE PROPHETS OF THE APURA.

"THESE things are not without the Gods," said the Wanderer, who was called Eperitus, when he had heard all the tale of Rei the Priest, son of Pames, the Head Architect, the Commander of the Legion of Amen. Then he sat silent for a while and at last raised his eyes and looked upon the old man.

"Thou hast told a strange tale, Rei. Over many a sea have I wandered, nd in many a land I have sojourned. I have seen the ways of many peoples, and have heard the voices of the immortal Gods. Dreams have come to me and marvels have compassed me about. It has been laid upon me to go down into Hades, that land which thou namest Amenti, and to look on the tribes of the Dead; but never till now have I known so strange a thing. For mark thou, when first I saw the face of this fair Queen of thine I thought she looked upon me strangely, as one who knew my face. And now, Rei, if thou speakest truth, *she* deems that she has met me in the ways of night and magic. Say, then, who was the man of the vision of the Queen, the man with dark and curling locks, clad in golden armour after the fashion of the Achæans whom ye name the Aquaiusha, wearing on his head a golden helm, wherein was fixed a broken spear?"

"Before me sits such a man," said Rei, "or perchance it is a God that my eyes behold."

"No God am I," quoth the Wanderer, smiling, "though the Sidonians deemed me no less when the black bow twanged and the swift shafts flew. Read me the riddle, thou that art instructed."

Now the aged Priest looked upon the ground, then turned his eyes upward, and with muttering lips prayed to Thoth, the God of Wisdom. And when he had made an end of prayer he spoke.

"*Thou* art the man," he said. "Out of the sea thou hast come to bring the doom of love on the Lady Meriamun and on thyself the doom of death. This I know, but of the rest I know nothing. Now, I pray thee, oh thou who comest in the armour of the North, thou whose face is clothed in beauty and who art of all men the mightiest and hast of all men the sweetest and most guileful tongue, go back, go back into the sea whence thou camest, and the lands whence thou hast wandered."

"Not thus easily may men escape their doom," quoth the Wanderer. "My death may come, as come it must; but know this, Rei, I do not seek the love of Meriamun."

"Then it well may chance that thou shalt find it, for ever those who seek love lose, and those who seek not find."

"I am come to seek another love," said the Wanderer, "and I seek her till I die."

"Then I pray the Gods that thou mayest find her, and that Khem may thus be saved from sorrow. But here in Egypt there is no woman so fair as Meriamun, and thou must seek farther as quickly as may be. And now, Eperitus, behold I must away to do service in the temple of the Holy Amen, for I am his High Priest. But I am commanded by Pharaoh first to bring thee to the feast at the Palace."

Then he led the Wanderer from his chamber and brought him by a side entrance to the great Palace of the Pharaoh at Tanis, near the Temple of Ptah. And first he took him to a chamber that had been made ready for him in the Palace, a beautiful chamber, richly painted with beast-headed Gods and furnished with ivory chairs, and couches of ebony and silver, and with a gilded bed.

Then the Wanderer went into the shining baths, and girls bathed him and anointed him with fragrant oil, and crowned him with lotus flowers. When they had bathed him they bade him lay aside his golden armour and his bow and the quiver full of arrows, but this the Wanderer would not do, for as he laid the black bow down it thrilled with a thin sound of war. So Rei led him, armed as he was, to a certain antechamber, and there he left him, saying that he would return again when the feast was done. Trumpets blared as the Wanderer waited, drums rolled, and through the wide thrown curtains swept the lovely Meriamun and the divine Pharaoh Meneptah, with many lords and ladies of the Court, all crowned with roses and with lotus blooms.

The Queen was decked in Royal attire, her shining limbs were veiled in broidered silk; about her shoulders was a purple robe, and round her neck and arms were rings of well-wrought gold. She was stately and splendid to see, with pale brows and beautiful disdainful eyes where dreams seemed to sleep beneath the shadow of her eyelashes. On she swept in all her pride of beauty, and behind her came the Pharaoh. He was a tall man, but ill-made and heavy-browed, and to the Wanderer it seemed that he was heavy-hearted too, and that care and terror of evil to come were always in his mind.

Meriamun looked up swiftly:

"Greeting, Stranger," she said. "Thou comest in warlike guise to grace our feast?"

"Methought, Royal Lady," he made answer, "that anon when I would have laid it by, this bow of mine sang to me of present war. Therefore am I come armed—even to thy feast."

"Has thy bow such foresight, Eperitus?" said the Queen. "I have heard but once of such a weapon, and that in a minstrel's tale. He came to our Court with his lyre from the Northern Sea, and he sang of the Bow of Odysseus."

"Minstrel or not, thou dost well to come armed, Wanderer," said the

Pharaoh; "for if thy bow sings, my own heart mutters much to me of war to be."

"Follow me, Wanderer, however it fall out," said the Queen.

So he followed her and the Pharaoh till they came to a splendid hall, carven round with images of fighting and feasting. Here, on the painted walls, Rameses Miamun drove the thousands of the Khita before his single valour; here men hunted wildfowl through the marshes with a great cat for their hound. Never had the Wanderer beheld such a hall since he supped with the Sea King of the fairy isle. On the daïs, raised above the rest, sat the Pharaoh, and by him sat Meriamun the Queen, and by the Queen sat the Wanderer in the golden armour of Paris, and he leaned the black bow against his ivory chair.

Now the feast went on and men ate and drank. The Queen spoke little, but she watched the Wanderer beneath the lids of her deep-fringed eyes.

Suddenly, as they feasted and were merry, the doors at the end of the chamber were thrown wide, the guards fell back in fear, and behold, at the end of the hall, stood two men. Their faces were tawny, dry, wasted with desert wandering; their noses were hooked like eagles' beaks, and their eyes were yellow as the eyes of lions. They were clad in rough skins of beasts, girdled about their waists with leathern thongs, and fiercely they lifted their naked arms, and waved their wands of cedar. Both men were old, one was white-bearded, the other was shaven smooth like the priests of Egypt. As they lifted the rods on high the Guards shrank like beaten hounds, and all the guests hid their faces, save Meriamun and the Wanderer alone. Even Pharaoh dared not look on them, but he murmured angrily in his beard:

"By the name of Osiris," he said, "here be those Soothsayers of the Apura once again. Now Death waits on those who let them pass the doors."

Then one of the two men, he who was shaven like a priest, cried with a great voice:

"*Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!* Hearken to the word of Jahveh. Wilt thou let the people go?"

"I will not let them go," he answered.

"*Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh!* Hearken to the word of Jahveh. If thou wilt not let the people go, then shall all the first-born of Khem, of the Prince and the slave, of the ox and the ass, be smitten of Jahveh. Wilt thou let the people go?"

Now Pharaoh hearkened, and those who were at the feast rose and cried with a loud voice:

"O Pharaoh! Let the people go. Great woes are fallen upon Khem because of the Apura. O Pharaoh, let the people go!"

Now Pharaoh's heart was softened and he was minded to let them go, but Meriamun turned to him and said:

"Thou shalt not let the people go. It is not these slaves, nor the God of these slaves, who bring the plagues on Khem, but it is that strange Goddess, the False Hathor, who dwells here in the city of Tanis. Be not so fearful—ever hadst thou a coward heart. Drive the False Hathor hence if thou wilt, but hold these slaves to their bondage. I still have cities that must be built, and yon slaves shall build them."

Then the Pharaoh cried: "Hence! I bid ye. Hence, and to-morrow

shall your people be laden with a double burden and their backs shall be red with stripes. I will not let the people go!"

Then the two men cried aloud and pointing upward with their staffs they vanished from the hall, and none dared to lay hands on them, but those who sat at the feast murmured much.

Now the Wanderer marvelled why Pharaoh did not command the Guards to cut down these unbidden guests, who spoiled his festival. The Queen Meriamun saw the wonder in his eyes and turned to him:

"Know thou, Eperitus," she said, "that great plagues have come of late on this land of ours—plagues of lice and frogs and flies and darkness, and the changing of pure waters to blood. And these things our Lord the Pharaoh deems have been brought upon us by the curse of yonder magicians, conjurers and priests among certain slaves who work in the land at the building of our cities. But I know well that the curses come on us from Hathor, the Lady of Love, because of that woman who hath set herself up here in Tanis, and is worshipped as the Hathor."

"Why then, O Queen," said the Wanderer, "is this false Goddess suffered to abide in your fair city, for, as I know well, the immortal Gods are ever angered with those who turn from their worship to bow before strange altars.?"

"Why is she suffered? Nay, ask of Pharaoh my Lord. Methinks it is because her beauty is more than the beauty of women, so the men say who have looked on it, but I have not seen it, for only those men see it who go to worship at her shrine, and then from afar. It is not meet that the Queen of all the Lands should worship at the shrine of a strange woman, come—like thyself, Eperitus—from none knows where: if indeed she be a woman and not a fiend from the Under World. But if thou wouldest learn more, ask my Lord the Pharaoh, for he knows the Shrine of the False Hathor, and he knows who guards it, and what it is that bars the way."

Now the Wanderer turned to Pharaoh saying: "O Pharaoh, may I know the truth of this mystery?"

Then Meneptah looked up, and there was doubt and trouble on his heavy face.

"I will tell thee readily, thou Wanderer, for perchance such a man as thou, who hast travelled in many lands and seen the faces of many Gods, may understand the tale, and may help me. In the days of my father, the holy Rameses Miamun, the keepers of the Temple of the Divine Hathor awoke, and lo! in the Sanctuary of the Temple was a woman in the garb of the Aquaiusha, who was Beauty's self. But when they looked upon her, none could tell the semblance of her beauty, for to one she seemed dark and to the other fair, and to each man of them she showed an altered loveliness. She smiled upon them, and sang most sweetly, and love entered their hearts, so that it seemed to each man that she only was his Heart's Desire. But when any man would have come nearer and embraced her, there was that about her which drove him back, and if he strove again, behold, he fell down dead. So at last they subdued their hearts, and desired her no more, but worshipped her as the Hathor come to earth and made offerings of food and drink to her, and prayers. So three years passed, and at the end of the third year the keepers of the Temple looked and the Hathor was gone. Nothing remained of her but a memory. Yet there were some who said that this memory was dearer than all else that the world has to give.

"Twenty more seasons went by, and I sat upon the throne of my father, and was Lord of the Double Crown. And, on a day, a messenger came running and cried:

"'Now is Hathor come back to Khem, now is Hathor come back to Khem, and, as of old, none may draw near her beauty!' Then I went to see, and lo! before the Temple of Hathor a great multitude was gathered, and there on the Pylon brow stood the Hathor's self shining with changeful beauty like the Dawn. And as of old she sang sweet songs, and, to each man who heard, her voice was the voice of his own beloved, living and lost to him, or dead and lost. And every man has such a grave in his heart as that whence Hathor seemed to rise in changeful beauty. Month by month she sings thus, one day in every month, and many a man has sought to win her and her favour, but in the doorways are they who meet him and press him back; and if he still struggles on, there comes a clang of swords and he falls dead, but no wound is found on him. Now, Wanderer, this is truth, for I myself have striven and have been pressed back by that which guards her. But I alone of men who have looked on her and heard her, strove not a second time and so saved myself alive."

"Thou alone of men lovest life more than the World's Desire!" said the Queen. "Thou hast ever sickened for the love of this strange Witch, but thy life thou lovest even better than her beauty, and thou dost not dare attempt again the adventure of her embrace. Know, Eperitus, that this sorrow is come upon the land, that all men love yonder witch and rave of her, and to each she wears a different face and sings in another voice. When she stands upon the Pylon tower, then thou wilt see the madness with which she has smitten them. For they will weep and pray and tear their hair. Then they will rush through the Temple courts and up to the Temple doors and be thrust back again by that which guards her. But some will yet strive madly on and thou wilt hear the clash of arms and they will fall dead before thee. Accursed is the land, I tell thee, Wanderer; because of that Phantom it is accursed. For it is she who brings these woes on Khem; from her, not from our slaves and their mad conjurers, come plagues, I say, and all evil things. And till a man be found who may pass her guard, and come face to face with the witch and slay her, plagues and woes and evil things shall be the daily bread of Khem. Perchance, Wanderer, thou art such a man," and she looked on him strangely. "Yet if so, this is my counsel, that thou go not up against her, lest thou also be bewitched, and a great man be lost to us."

Now the Wanderer turned the matter over in his heart and made answer:

"Perchance, Lady, my strength and the favour of the Gods might serve me in such a quest. But methinks that this woman is meeter for words of love and the kisses of men than to be slain with the sharp sword, if, indeed, she be not of the number of the immortals."

Now Meriamun flushed and frowned:

"It is not fitting so to talk before me," she said. "Of this be sure, that if the Witch may be come at, she shall be slain and given to Osiris for a bride."

Now the Wanderer saw that the Lady Meriamun was jealous of the beauty and renown and love of her who dwelt in the Temple, and was called the Strange Hathor, and he held his peace, for he knew when to be silent.

Chapter II.

THE NIGHT OF DREAD.

THE feast dragged slowly on, for Fear was of the company. The men and women were silent, and when they drank, it was as if one had poured a little oil on a dying fire. Life flamed up in them for a moment, their laughter came like the crackling of thorns, and then they were silent again. Meanwhile the Wanderer drank little, waiting to see what should come. But the Queen was watching him whom already her heart desired, and she only of all the company had pleasure in this banquet. Suddenly a side-door opened behind the daïs, there was a stir in the hall, each guest turning his head fearfully, for all expected some evil tidings. But it was only the entrance of those who bear about in the feasts of Egypt an effigy of the Dead, the likeness of a mummy carved in wood, and who cry: "Drink, O King, and be glad, thou shalt soon be even as he! Drink, and be glad." The stiff, swathed figure, with its folded hands and gilded face, was brought before the King, and Meneptah, who had sat long in sullen brooding silence, started when he looked on it. Then he broke into an angry laugh.

"We have little need of thee, to-night," he cried, as he saluted the symbol of Osiris. "Death is near enough, we want not thy silent preaching. Death, Death is near!"

He fell back in his gilded chair, and let the cup drop from his hand, gnawing his beard.

"Art thou a man?" spoke Meriamun, in a low clear voice, "are you men and yet afraid of what comes to all? Is it only to-night that we first hear the name of Death? Remember the great Men-kau-ra, remember the old Pharaoh who built the Pyramid of Hir. He was just and kind, and he feared the Gods, and for his reward they showed him Death, coming on him in six short years. Did he scowl and tremble, like all of you to-night, who are scared by the threats of slaves? Nay, he outwitted the Gods, he made night into day, he lived out twice his years, with revel and love and wine in the lamp-lit groves of persea trees. Come, my guests, let us be merry, if it be but for an hour. Drink, and be brave!"

"For once thou speakest well," said the King. "Drink and forget; the Gods who give Death give wine," and his angry eyes ranged through the hall, to seek some occasion of mirth and scorn.

"Thou Wanderer!" he said, suddenly. "Thou drinkest not: I have watched thee as the cups go round; what, man, thou comest from the North, the sun of thy pale land has not heat enough to foster the vine. Thou seemest cold, and a drinker of water; why wilt thou be cold before thine hour? Come, pledge me in the red wine of Khem. Bring forth the cup of Pasht!" he cried to them who waited, "bring forth the cup of Pasht, the King drinks!"

Then the chief butler of Pharaoh went to the treasure-house, and came again, bearing a huge golden cup, fashioned in the form of a lion's head, and holding twelve measures of wine. It was an ancient cup, sacred to Pasht, and a gift of the Rutennu to Thothmes, the greatest of that name.

"Fill it full of unmixed wine!" cried the King. "Dost thou grow pale at the sight of the cup, thou Wanderer from the North? I pledge thee, pledge thou me!"

"Nay, King," said the Wanderer, "I have tasted wine of Ismarus before to-day, and I have drunk with a wild host, the Man Eater!" For his heart was angered by the King and he forgot his wisdom, but the Queen marked the saying.

"Then pledge me in the cup of Pasht!" quoth the King.

"I pray thee, pardon me," said the Wanderer, "for wine makes wise men foolish and strong men weak, and to-night methinks we shall need our wits, and our strength."

"Craven!" cried the King, "give me the bowl. I drink to thy better courage, Wanderer," and lifting the great golden cup, he stood up and drank it and then dropped staggering into his chair, his head fallen on his breast.

"I may not refuse a king's challenge, though it is ill to contend with our hosts," said the Wanderer, turning somewhat pale, for he was in anger. "Give me the bowl!"

He took the cup, and held it high; then pouring a little forth to his Gods, he said, in a clear voice, for he was stirred to anger beyond his wont:

"*I drink to the Strange Hathor!*"

He spoke, and drained the mighty cup, and set it down on the board, and even as he laid down the cup, and as the Queen looked at him with eyes of wrath, there came from the Bow beside his seat a faint shrill sound, a ringing and a singing of the Bow, a noise of running strings and a sound as of rushing arrows.

The warrior heard it, and his eyes burned with the light of battle, for he well knew that the swift shafts should soon fly to the hearts of the doomed. Pharaoh awoke and heard it, and heard it the Lady Meriamun, the Queen, and she looked on the Wanderer astonished, and looked on the Bow that sang.

"The minstrel's tale was true! This is none other but the Bow of Odysseus, the sacker of cities," said Meriamun. "Hearken thou, Eperitus, thy great bow sings aloud. How comes it that thy bow sings?"

"For this cause, Queen," said the Wanderer, "because birds gather on the Bridge of War. Soon shall shafts be flying and ghosts go down to doom. Summon thy Guards, I bid thee, for foes are near."

Terror conquered the drunkenness of Pharaoh; he bade the Guards who stood behind his chair summon all their company. They went forth and a great hush fell again upon the Hall of Banquets and upon those who sat at meat therein. The silence grew deadly still, like air before the thunder, and men's hearts sank within them, and turned to water in their breasts. Only Odysseus wondered and thought on the battle to be, though whence the foe might come he knew not, and Meriamun sat erect in her ivory chair and looked down the glorious hall.

Deeper grew the silence and deeper yet, and more and more the cloud of fear gathered in the hearts of men. Then suddenly through all the hall there was a rush like the rush of mighty wings. The deep foundations of the Palace rocked, and to the sight of men the roof above seemed to burst asunder, and lo! above them, against the inky blackness of the sky, there swept a shape of Fear, and the stars shone through its raiment.

Then the roof closed in again, and for a moment's space once more there was silence, whilst men looked with white faces, each on each, and even the stout heart of the Wanderer stood still.

Then suddenly all adown the hall, from this place and from that, men rose

up and with one great cry fell down dead, this one across the board, and that one on the floor. The Wanderer grasped his bow and counted. From among those who sat at meat twenty and one had fallen dead. Yet those who lived sat gazing emptily, for so stricken with fear were they that scarce did each one know if it was he himself who lay dead or his brother who had sat by his side.

But Meriamun looked down the hall with cold eyes, for she feared neither Death nor life, nor God nor man.

And while she looked and while the Wanderer counted, there rose a faint murmuring sound from the city without, a sound that grew and grew, the thunder of myriad feet that run before the death of kings. Then the doors burst asunder and a woman sped through them in her night robes, and in her arms she bore the naked body of a boy.

"Pharaoh!" she cried, "Pharaoh, and thou, O Queen, look upon thy son—thy firstborn son—dead is thy son, O Pharaoh! Dead is thy son, O Queen! In my arms he died as I lulled him to his rest," and she laid the body of the child down on the board among the vessels of gold, among the garlands of lotus flowers and the beakers of rose-red wine.

Then Pharaoh rose and rent his purple robes and wept aloud, and Meriamun rose too, and her eyes were terrible with wrath and grief.

"See now the curse that this evil woman, this False Hathor hath brought upon us," she said.

But the very guests sprang up crying: "It is not the Hathor whom we worship, it is not the holy Hathor, it is the Gods of those dark Apura whom thou, O Queen, wilt not let go. On thy head and the head of Pharaoh be it," and even as they cried the murmur without grew to a shriek of woe, a shriek so wild and terrible that the Palace walls rang. Again that shriek rose, and yet a third time, never was such a cry heard in Egypt. And now for the first time in all his days the face of the Wanderer grew white with fear, and in fear of heart he prayed for succour to his Goddess—to Aphrodite, the daughter of Dione.

Again the doors behind them burst open and the Guards flocked in—mighty men of many foreign lands; but now their faces were wan, their eyes stared wide, and their jaws hung down. But at the sound of the clanging of their harness the strength of the Wanderer came back to him again, for the Gods and their vengeance he feared, but not the sword of man. And now once more the Bow sang aloud. He grasped it, he bent it with his mighty knee, and strung it, crying:

"Awake, Pharaoh, awake! Foes draw on. Say, be these all the men?"

Then the Captain answered, "These be all of the Guard who are left living in the Palace. The rest are stark, smitten by the angry Gods."

Now as the Captain spake, one came running up the hall, heeding neither the dead nor the living. It was the old Priest Rei, the Commander of the Legion of Amen, who had been the Wanderer's guide, and his looks were wild with fear.

"Hearken, Pharaoh!" he cried, "thy people lie dead by thousands in the streets—the houses are full of dead. In the temples of Ptah and of Amen many of the priests have fallen dead also."

"Hast thou more to tell, old man?" cried the Queen.

"The tale has not all been told, O Queen. The soldiers are mad with fear and with the sight of death, and slay their captains; barely have I escaped

from those in my command of the Legion of Amen. For they swear that this death has been brought upon the land because Pharaoh would not let the Apura go. Hither, then, they come to slay Pharaoh, and thee also, O Queen, and with them come many thousands of people catching up such arms as lie to their hands."

Now Pharaoh sank down groaning, but the Queen spake to the Wanderer: "Anon thy weapon sang of war, Eperitus; now war is at the gates."

"Little I fear the rush of battle and the blows men deal in anger, Lady," he made answer, "though a man may fear the Gods without shame. Ho Guards! close up, close up round me! Look not so palefaced now death from the Gods is done with and we have but to fear the sword of men."

So great was his mien and so glorious his face as he cried thus, and one by one drew his long arrows forth and laid them on the board, that the trembling Guards took heart, and to the number of fifty and one ranged themselves on the edge of the daïs in a double line. Then they also made ready their bows and loosened the arrows in their quivers.

Now from without there came a roar of men, and anon, while those of the house of Pharaoh, and of the guests and nobles, who sat at the feast and yet lived, fled behind the soldiers, the brazen doors were burst in with mighty blows, and through them a great armed multitude surged along the hall. There came soldiers broken from their ranks. There came the embalmers of the Dead; their hands were overful of work to-night, but they left their work undone, Death had smitten some even of these, and their fellows did not shrink back from them now. There came the smith, black from the forge, and the scribe bowed with endless writing; and the dyer with his purple hands, and the fisher from the stream; and the stunted weaver from the loom, and the leper from the Temple gates. They were mad with lust of life, a starveling life that the King had taxed, when he let not the Apura go. They were mad with fear of death; their women followed them with dead children in their arms. They smote down the golden furnishings, they tore the silken hangings, they cast the empty cups of the feast at the faces of trembling ladies, and cried aloud for the blood of the King.

"Where is Pharaoh," they yelled, "show us Pharaoh and the Queen Meriamun, that we may slay them. Dead are our firstborn, they lie in heaps as the fish lay when Sihor ran red with blood. Dead are they because of the curse that has been brought upon us by the prophets of the Apura, whom Pharaoh, and Pharaoh's Queen, yet hold in Khem."

Now as they cried they saw Pharaoh Meneptah cowering behind the double line of Guards, and they saw the Queen Meriamun who cowered not, but stood silent above the din. Then she thrust her way through the Guards, and yet holding the naked body of the boy to her breast, stood before them with eyes that flashed more brightly than the Uraeus crown upon her brow.

"Back!" she cried, "back! It is not Pharaoh, it is not I, who have brought this death upon you. For we, too, have death here!" and she held up the body of her dead son. "It is that False Hathor whom ye worship, that Witch of many a voice and many a face who turns your hearts faint with love. For her sake ye endure these woes, on her head is all this death. Go, tear her temple stone from stone, and rend her beauty limb from limb, and be avenged and free the land from curses."

A moment the people stood and hearkened, muttering, as stands the lion

that is about to spring, while those who pressed without, cried: "Forward! Forward! Slay them! Slay them!" Then as with one voice they screamed:

"The Hathor we love, but you we hate, for ye have brought these woes upon us, and ye shall die."

They cried, they brawled, they cast footstools and stones at the Guards, and then a certain tall man among them drew a bow. Straight at the Queen's fair breast he aimed his arrow and swift and true it sped toward her. She saw the light gleam upon its shining barb, and then she did what no woman but Meriamun would have done, no, not to save herself from death—she held out the naked body of her son as a warrior holds a shield. The arrow struck through and through it, piercing the tender flesh, aye, and pricked her breast beyond, so that she let the dead boy fall.

The Wanderer saw it and wondered at the horror of the deed. Then shouting aloud the terrible war-cry of the Achæans he leapt upon the board before him, and as he leapt his golden armour clanged.

Glancing around, he fixed an arrow to the string and drew to his ear that great Bow which none but he might so much as bend. Then as he loosed, the string sang like a swallow, and the shaft screamed through the air. Down the glorious hall it sped, and full on the breast of him who had lifted bow against the Queen the bitter arrow struck, nor might his harness avail to stay it. Through the body of him it passed and with blood-red feathers flew on, and smote another who stood behind him so that his knees also were loosened, and together they fell dead upon the floor.

Now while the people stared and wondered, again the bow-string sang like a swallow, again the arrow screamed in its flight, and he who stood before it got his death, for the shield he wore was pinned to his breast.

Then wonder turned to rage; the multitude rolled forward, and from either side the air grew dark with arrows. For the Guards at sight of the shooting of the Wanderer found heart and fought well and manfully. Boldly also the slayers came on, and behind them pressed many a hundred men. The Wanderer's golden helm flashed steadily, a beacon in the storm. Black smoke burst out in the hall, the hangings flamed and tossed in a wind from the open door. The lights were struck from the hands of the golden images, arrows stood thick in the tables and the rafters, a spear pierced through the golden cup of Pasht. But out of the darkness and smoke and dust, and the cry of battle, and through the rushing of the rain of arrows, sang the swallow string of the black bow of Eurytus, and the long shafts shrieked as they sped on them who were ripe to die. In vain did the shafts of the slayers smite upon that golden harness. They were but as hail upon the Temple roofs, but as driving snow upon the wild stag's horns. They struck, they rattled, and down they dropped like snow, or bounded back and lay upon the board.

The swallow string sang, the black bow twanged, and the bitter arrows shrieked as they flew.

Now all the Wanderer's shafts were spent, and he judged that their case was desperate. For out of the doors of the hall that were behind them, and from the chambers of the women, armed men burst in also, taking them on the flank and rear. But the Wanderer was old in war, and without a match in all its ways. The Captain of the Guard was slain with a spear stroke, and the Wanderer took his place, calling to the men, such of them as were left alive, to form a circle on the daïs, and within the circle he set those of the house of Pharaoh